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THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
JUNE 1989

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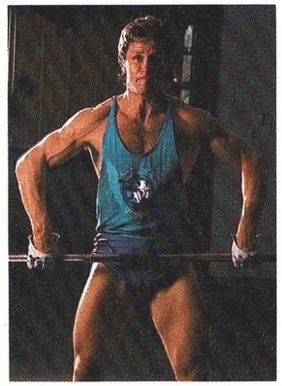
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 10 No 6/June 1989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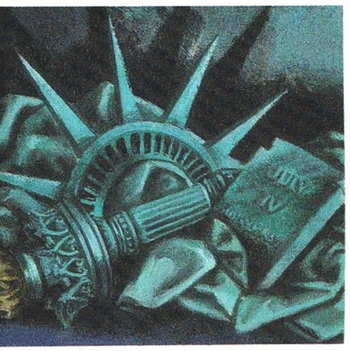
Gotham And Gomorrah

Pet Of The Month

REGULARS

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Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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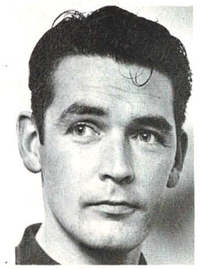
JUNE

CHARLES McKEAN


PAUL NEWMAN

JOHN NEWTON

AUNT MATILDA

CHARLES KENWAY

HOUSECALL

THE FAMILY
To the South Australian police, within an ace of nailing this warped gang of homosexual serial murderers, they are known as The Family. To the citizens of Adelaide, they are the slaughterers of their favorite sons, who hide behind the facade of respectability and emerge to kidnap, drug, rape, murder and mutilate. Adelaide journalist **Nigel Hopkins** documents the shocking details of a city under siege at the hands of a small clique who kill for the thrill — time and time again. **Paul Newman's** illustration begins that story on page 34.

FITNESS FORUM
Jeff Fenech, Wayne Pearce and Darren Mercer have all founded their sporting achievements on dedication to physical fitness. Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** rounded up the three superathletes to conduct a forum covering subjects such as training, diet, sports psychology, self-denial, drugs, inspiration, dedication, and the art of being a winner. **Graham Monro** supplied the accompanying photos on page 50.

TECHNOSEX
Sex has been taken from the bedroom and gently placed upon a keyboard. The late Eighties will go down as a turning point in technological development — the era when computers were taught to ask you to make love to them. You haven't heard? Then turn to page 54, where **Charles McKean** tells how to use pornographic programs to turn your software into hardware. The graphic images were created by **Graeme Whittle.**

AUNT MATILDA'S HANDY HINTS FOR BACHELORS
If you're out running with the fast crowd while domestic chores pile up around your ears, you need to learn some short-cuts. **Aunt Matilda** has got plenty of 'em, and they're the shortest cuts of all. If you happen to soil your pants while laughing at this piece, refer to the hint titled: "Accidents Will Happen." The illustrations were created by **Simon Bosch**. Turn to page 58.

GOTHAM AND GOMORRAH
The legendary editor of *Screw*, **Al Goldstein,** took a tour of the New York sex scene to find out whether there's any true decadence left in the Big Apple. Goldstein managed to keep his chin up and his dinner down, but you, gentle reader, might not be so lucky. The artwork on page 74 was created by **Cameron Singleton.**

MARINA WHO WAS VENICE
When *carnevale* comes to Venice, many things are not as they seem. Even the act of love is touched by the presence of history. If you like fiction of a whimsical, sensuous hue, turn to **John Newton's** charmingly evocative piece on page 90. **Charles Kenway** contributed the illustration.

SUPRA NOVA
At last, a contender. Toyota's brilliant Turbo Supra eclipses even the Porsche 944 on performance and equipment — at less than half the price. For the fine details on this star performer, turn to page 106 for Motoring Editor **Peter McKay's** glowing report.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

NICOLA CERRONE
HOME: Sydney.
AGE: 39
PROFESSION: Designer of fine jewellery.
HOBBY: Rock fishing, "I like to stand on them for a change".
LAST BOOK READ: The Discovery of the Tomb of Tutankhamen, Howard Carter.
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Named as Australia's finest jewellery designer by the Australian jewellery industry.
WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "My job is making beautiful objects for beautiful women. What more could a man ask for".
QUOTE: "I believe people should be surrounded with beautiful design".
PROFILE: Passionate and flamboyant but also modest. He has a talent for getting the best out of people.
HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's on the rocks. "It's the perfect setting".

APB9084-A
Leo Burnett UTDG 10

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Forum fans

Very few of your correspondents ever seem to comment on the Forum pages of your magazine, and yet this must surely be one of your best-read sections. My wife and I derive much pleasure — and sometimes great amusement — from reading Forum letters and, along with your fine articles, find *Penthouse* to be a great magazine to share. Other loving, faithful couples must surely be of the same opinion.

If there is any way your magazine could be improved, it might be through the inclusion of more articles concentrating on relationships and marriage, and not just the sexual aspect of how we relate to one another. However, such articles should not be included at the expense of your Forum section or at the cost of a reduced number of cartoons (they're great!)

After that little bit of editorial advice from a couple of loyal readers, may we offer our congratulations on a consistently entertaining magazine. — *F. & G. Hodge, Chatswood, NSW*

Numbers game

49 Women We Love And Hate (February *Penthouse*) was loads of bitchy fun. But why only 49? Surely you could have rounded out the list to a neat 50? I, for instance, would have no trouble submitting at least another ten names to each list. — *J. Carmichael, Adelaide, SA*

The list of women we love and hate did originally comprise 50 identities. For legal reasons, one name was dropped from the "hate" list as the "woman" in question was in fact a leading male *media identity.* — Ed

Best of both worlds

Your March covergirl and centrefold Jacqueline Brisk was a delight — exotically different, cheeky and, best of all, a *Penthouse* model who's not afraid to smile for the camera. As a keen student of this school of modelling, I am of the opinion that a flashing smile is frequently more erotic than a very explicit flash. Jacqueline Brisk represented the best of both worlds. — *K. Murphy, Sydney, NSW*

Sydney's Jacqueline Brisk

Just a quick note to say that I thought your March centrefold was a hell of a good sort. The story on Michael Doohan was a good yarn, too. — *J. Johnston, Prahran, Vic*

Country dementia

Glenn A. Baker's article Country Dementia (February *Penthouse*) was fine and dandy — for as far as it went. Baker's premise was that, far from being all saccharine and tears, the lyrics of some country songs could teach the grungiest, most obscene rock bands a thing or two. Hear, hear. It is with Baker's selection of pissweak examples that I have reason to quibble.

Why, for instance, waste space with the tired and universally known lyrics of "Bang Bang Lulu" to illustrate his point when there is such a wealth of more obscene and more contemporary country lyrics to draw from? Take David Allen Coe's "Nigger Fucker" for example, in which a white man relates his cuckolding in favor of a black man. ". . . *She said she'd finally found a man whose dick was so much bigger/ Then that scumbag motherfucker ran off with a nigger.*" Other works by the same artist could well have been included in Baker's story — most notably "Don't Bite The Dick (That Fucks You, Honey)" and "I Just Want To Fuck You One More Time", a plea by an incestuous father to his departing daughter. The works of country singer Kinky Friedman would also have been represented if Baker had seriously done his homework. One obvious example from the Friedman recorded *oeuvre* would have to be "They Ain't Making Jews Like Jesus Any More."

As I said at the outset, Baker's story was fine and dandy, but the true country music fans among your readership know that it could have been a damn sight better. — *R. Champion, Enfield, NSW*

The Gun Club

Your pictorial article entitled The Gun Club (February *Penthouse*) was the best feature I have ever read in your magazine. And that's saying something as I have been an enthusiastic reader (and admirer of your photography) for going on six years. Articles such as The Gun Club underline the fact that you are a truly Australian magazine with the interests and entertainment of Australian men at heart. More such local pictorial adventure and lifestyle articles would be appreciated by this reader. Keep up the good (Australian) work! — *M. Ellicot, Townsville, Qld*

Request

I understand that you publish a regular magazine, *Australian Penthouse*, for the gay community. Your address was obtained from an international publishers directory.

I've come to accept myself as a gay not too long ago and this alternative lifestyle is not recognised here in Singapore. In fact, homosexuality is illegal. As such, there is a dearth of suitable reading material relating to the gay population. That's why I'm writing to you, hoping you can assist by sending me details of your publication, eg subscription rates, single copy cost, frequency, promotional brochure etc.

I sincerely hope you can accede to the request. — *Terrence, Raffles City, Singapore*

You've been misinformed. What can we say but sorry. sucker. — Ed

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VINNIE VOMIT

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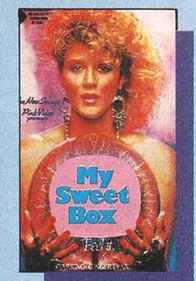
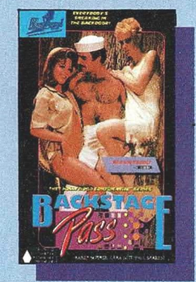
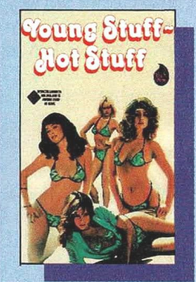
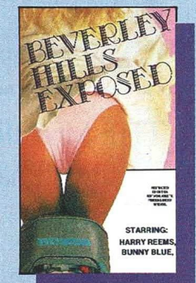
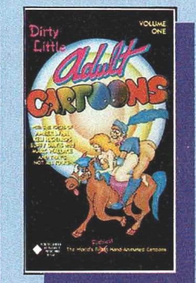
and while they're off, have some fun with one or more of our SUPER SEXY ADULT VIDEOS!!











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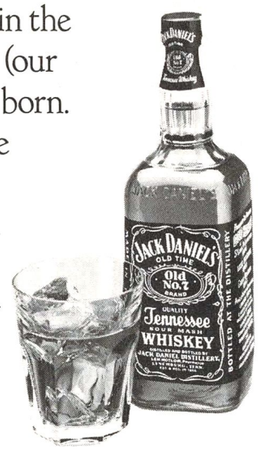

JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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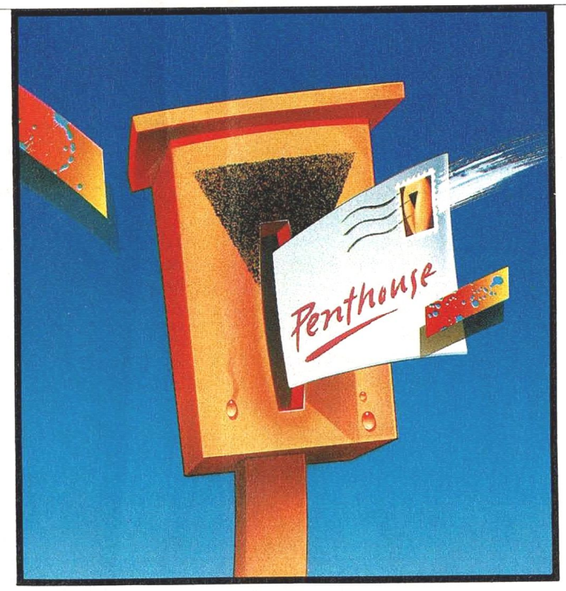


Down on the farm

I am a 22-year-old red-blooded male and I consider myself in reasonable condition. I live on a property in northern NSW with my nearest neighbors, the Stevensons (not their real name), about five kilometres away. I visit them quite a bit as I am currently courting their eldest daughter, Rebecca, with whom I am even more friendly since the incident I'm about to describe.

It was a Sunday afternoon and we had just finished a barbecue lunch after Church. The Stevensons are devout Christians which, to me, made Rebecca's conduct even more surprising. We were sitting outside their modest house chatting — Mr and Mrs Stevenson, Rebecca, myself and Rebecca's two younger sisters — when Rebecca said that she wanted to show me her record collection. I expressed lukewarm interest but as I didn't want to offend her I let her lead me to her room on the far side of the house. I was in for a surprise.

Her room was fairly small, enough room for a bed, wardrobe and table with a rotating chair only. Her turntable was on a small bedside table. She selected a record and showed it to me for approval. It was the Radiators. I agreed as I didn't really mind as long as I was alone with this fantastic 20-year-old creature. She put the album on and came to sit next to me on the bed, the record player on "repeat."

The music came on and I put one hand on her leg and the other around her waist. She reciprocated and our mouths met in a long, wet, passionate kiss. We were going at it for what seemed like hours, but was really only four or five minutes.

A new song came on, something like "You Give Me Head", and Rebecca broke our idyllic union. She looked at me with a glint in her eye and said, "This song has given me an idea."

She moved her hand and I felt a light touch on my crotch, then a relieving of pressure as she undid my zipper. Rebecca put her hand inside my open fly and released my now rock-hard member from its cloth prison. This surprised me as she had never gone anywhere near my crotch, but I wasn't about to stop her.

Rebecca disengaged herself totally from my embrace and got down on the floor on her knees between my legs. She looked up at me and smiled a devilish little smile before lowering her head again and flicking her moist tongue over the throbbing head of my penis.

I almost fainted with the pleasure that coursed through my body. I was immensely excited and the thought that Rebecca's mother, father, or either of her sisters could walk in at any moment only served to turn me on more. It was lucky that the music was playing or my moans would surely have been heard.

Rebecca had her lips fully over the head of my dick by this time, her tongue lightly touching and flickering over the blood engorged, flaring helmet of my member. My hands were on the back of her head, gently pressing her face lower and my tool further into the back of her throat. She gagged but kept sucking for all she was worth, until she had nearly all my eight inches inside her warm mouth.

I could feel the pressure building as my climax approached. I fell backward and shot my full load of hot, salty semen into the back of her throat. She couldn't swallow it all and some dribbled down her chin and then to my balls, and I could feel its slow, excruciating progress down between the crack of my arse.

I lay back on her bed, exhausted, my member slowly softening with the lack of Rebecca's expert ministrations. She scrambled on to the bed, laying down on top of me and engaging my mouth with another French kiss, except this time her mouth was full of my jism. I had never tasted semen before and I decided that I never would again; it was salty and left an unpleasant taste in my mouth.

Her intensive kissing and caressing was starting to revive my temporarily inactive sex drive and I moved a hand over her flat stomach and down the front of her jeans. I could just feel her thatch of dense pubic hair tickling my fingertips and her soft mound tantalisingly out of reach. I undid the catch and the zip of her jeans and pushed my hand down inside her panties, and my middle finger between the outer flaps of her cunt. She spread her legs invitingly and I fondled her clitoris before plunging my finger into her twat to the second knuckle. She was hot, wet and slippery. I felt her muscles contract as she felt my finger slip into her most private parts, but she spread her legs further so I knew she didn't have any objections. I started moving my finger around inside her, the soft walls of her vagina giving way to my probing finger.

She started humping my hand as her climax mounted and suddenly I felt her vaginal muscles clench and her whole body quivered as the dam broke. She fell against me and we lay on the bed, arms and legs entwined.

Rebecca was still hungry. I felt her hand gently clench my hard-again cock. She looked at me and smiled, then stood up, facing me. Then she slowly and erotically stripped in front of my staring eyes, first her shirt and jeans, then her bra and dripping panties, all the time rubbing herself up. I could barely keep my hands away from my aching cock, faced with this perfect body. Everything about her was perfect, from her blonde hair to her wonderful tits and dense triangle of curly

FORUM

blonde hair and then to her long, shapely legs.

Rebecca walked over to me, her hips swaying provocatively, pushed me back on to the bed and positioned her wet and steaming pussy directly over my vertical tool. She lowered herself until the glistening head of my dick was barely touching her moist labia. She slowly and tantalisingly teased me by dropping half an inch, allowing my head to just enter her sweet orifice and then raising herself just above my throbbing manhood. I was about ready to explode when Rebecca suddenly sat down on my dick, taking it all into her tight, wet cunt. It was enough for me. I shuddered, and came deep inside her, shooting my full load into her warm, comfortable twat.

She broke our union and then lay down beside me while I savored my latest experience. We chatted for a few minutes and then decided that we'd better rejoin her parents. Rebecca dressed, I fixed myself up, we turned the turntable off and then we went back outside to where Mr and Mrs Stevenson were. Mrs Stevenson asked me whether I enjoyed Rebecca's album collection. I answered in the affirmative and went home baffled about the sly smile that had crossed Mrs Stevenson's face as she questioned me. I couldn't shake the feeling that they knew something but it hasn't been mentioned since, but I'm not sure . . .

This incident totally transformed my opinion of risky sexual encounters. — *Name and address withheld*

Hitting it off

While I go along with most of the arguments about women's rights, I still like to feel in charge of things. In the months when I'm at tech I share a pad in Sydney with another guy and two women, and generally speaking, Jamie and I tend to get pushed around a bit about the usual hassles about shopping, dishes and all that shit. Carol is really aggressive. She gives her boyfriend a tough time but I didn't realise how tough until one day when I was out on the balcony and I heard her blow him up about leaving his wetsuit piled up on some clean laundry and how she would have to put the load back through the machine. She is always roasting him about something, so I had blocked the noise out as much as I could when there was a lull, and I heard her saying something like, "You'll either fucking well cop it or you can take your stuff back on the fucking train." He said, "Where are you going to do it?" and she said, "Over the back of the chair." Then I heard the sound of some velcro being ripped open and her boyfriend saying "Hey . . ." in an indignant tone. Then she said something about it having to be on the bare bum. By the time I had tried to discreetly peer around the corner of the TV room he was bent bare-arsed over the back of a lounge chair and she was about to get cracking with a doubled leather belt.

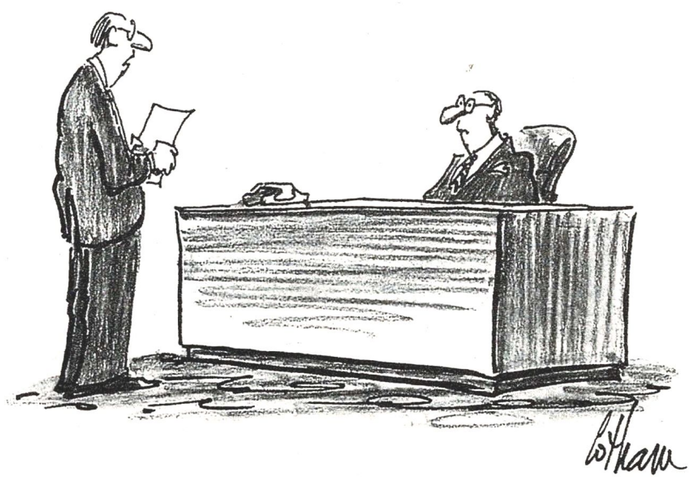
He copped quite a hiding and when I looked again his behind looked pretty angry and crimson with welts.

I didn't let on to her that I knew what had happened but I did tell Jamie, the other guy in the flat. It really seemed to excite him. Anyhow a few weeks later we all went to a barbecue in the Lane Cove River park nearby. Carol and Trudy, the other girl in the flat, really screwed things up. They left the meat at home, and while we tried to keep things rolling with the other people who came along, they took Jamie's car back to the flat. When they got back later, about three o'clock, there was a big scrape down the side of his Subaru. Was he pissed off! The atmosphere back home was really dark when we sorted ourselves out that evening. Jamie said, "I oughta do to you what you did to your surfer mate" — which shocked Carol, who didn't know we both knew, but it was obvious from the conversation and shouting which followed that Trudy knew.

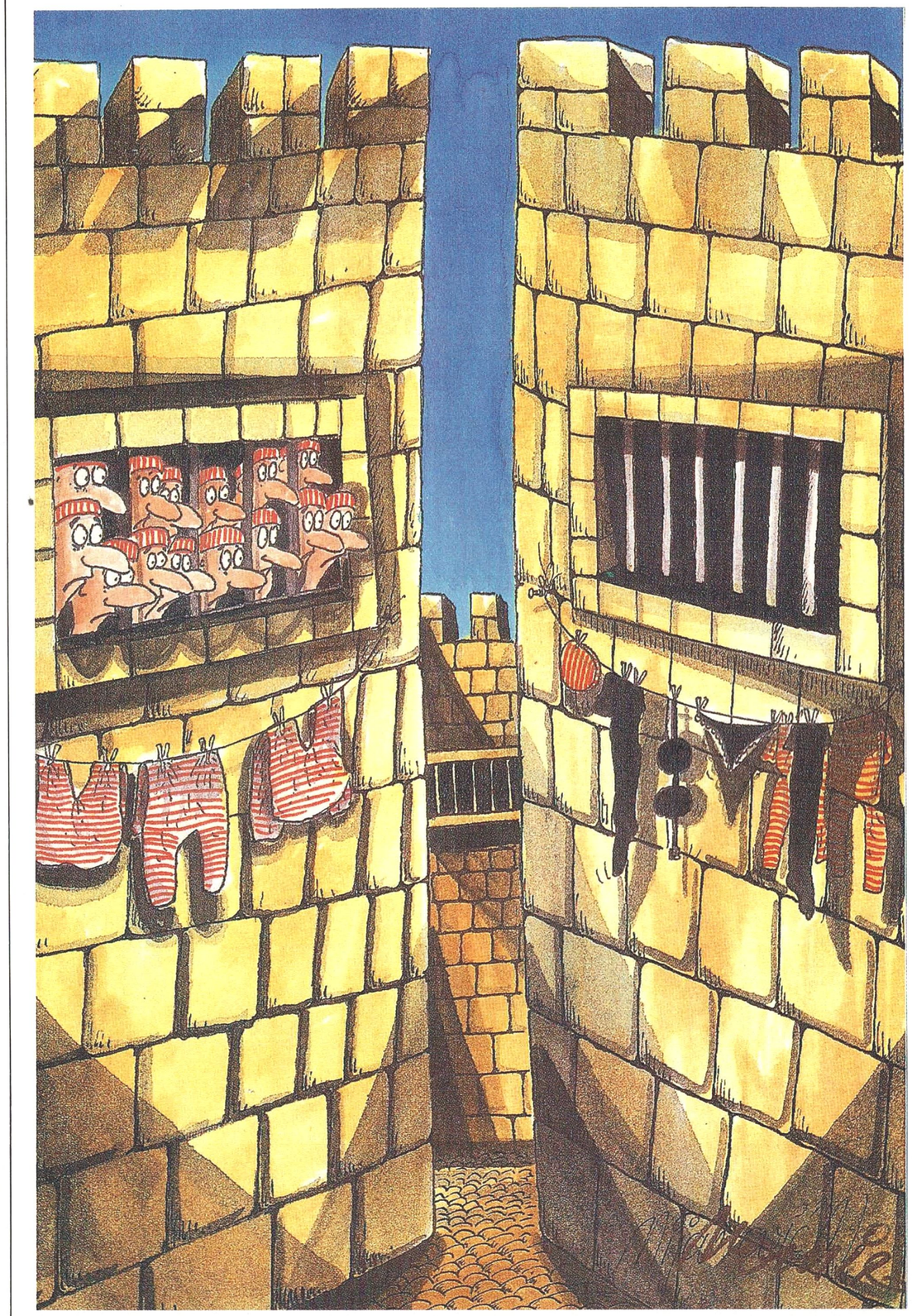
Anyhow Jamie insisted we were going to give them both a spanking. He said he'd give us all a practical lesson in discipline. He told Carol to lift up her dress and take down her panties and bend over the end of her bed. I was nearly coming when I got a good look up her bum and twat. He started off by sitting on top of her so that her bum stuck up under his hands like a drum in front of a drummer. He was about to start spanking with the smooth side of a leather sandal when he stood up and pulled off his jeans and then resumed his position, but with his cock lying fat and loose down along the cleft between her big white buttocks.

And then he got into them. First a swat on one side, then the other. She wriggled with pain and I could see her cunt looking juicier and juicier. Jamie's cock lifted off and pointed upwards.

After a while he made her bend over standing up with her hands down on the bedspread and kept flogging away with the sandal. I got a hold of Trudy, who seemed quite willing to submit to her punishment, and could hardly control myself while I pulled her panties down around her bum, which was beautifully big and well-tanned. It got an even better tanning when I dropped the sandal and swapped it for a belt. Meanwhile Jamie had lubricated his tool with some cream off Carol's table and rammed it right up her anus, and started riding the old chocolate express hell for leather. When I finished disciplining Trudy she was so hot and wet and lovely I carefully hauled my throbbing chopper out of my jeans and



"Research indicates that only 27 percent of whatever goes wrong around here is actually my fault."



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shafted her luscious cunt from behind. She fell down on to the bed but I made her keep her arse up while I finished her off doggy style and then rolled her over and put her knees up around my kneck. What a fuck! I could feel the heat of where I had whipped her arse against my thighs and it made me pump harder then ever.

The girls were a bit sore for a few days, but in the few months before the flat broke up and we went our own ways we had a few more spanking sessions of similar vigor. — *Name and address withheld*

Best feet forward

I had just celebrated my 19th birthday when I started Year 12 in a strict Catholic private school. This was my second attempt at the HSC at a new school.

All new students were required to attend a day earlier to become familiarised with the school and its system. I was placed in an empty classroom and was told that I was the only new Year 12 student and that my teacher for the day would be joining me shortly.

A few minutes later a young girl walked in and greeted me saying she was my teacher for the day. I was rather stunned as I go out with girls who look older than she did.

She said she was new to the school and suggested we explore it together. We began talking and she told me her name was Kristan and that she was 25. She had just moved to the area and we were discussing local night clubs and pubs, as if we were of the same peer group.

We were seated opposite each other when Kristan slipped her feet out of her black high heel shoes and was toying with her shoes while talking. Being an ardent admirer of the feet and legs of a sexy female, I developed a raging hard-on which could easily be seen through my thin grey school pants.

I looked up at her and caught a slight grin on her face. I knew she knew, and I knew she knew I knew she knew. I tried to hide my erection by adjusting the way I sat, but no good. She was smiling from ear to ear at my antics and finally said, "I know a surefire way to fix that problem."

She then slipped her heels back on, walked over to the door and locked it, turned and smiled. She came over to where I was, stood me up, and unbuttoned my shirt and ran her long red fingernails over my nipples till they were erect.

She told me to sit while she undressed. She had long honey blonde hair on her head and short pubic hair of the same color; her breasts were not large but were very firm. I asked her to keep her heels on as I always save the best for last.

After we were both naked she sat on a chair, while I stood in front of her, and proceeded to give me head. She ran the tip of her tongue over the head of my cock, shaft and balls, then took as much of me into her mouth as she could. She tried to get it all but couldn't as my cock is just over eight inches when erect, and it certainly was now.

I felt myself nearing ejaculation and pulled out of her mouth. I laid her on the teacher's desk and began eating her pussy. She was very wet and wrapped her legs around my head as she was orgasming.

I stood up and pulled her to the bottom of the desk and put my cock in as far as it would go and waited till her pussy began pulsating against my cock. We fucked for about ten minutes and I withdrew and straddled her breasts as she sucked the head of my cock.

I then stood at the side of the desk and rubbed my cock all over her tits, neck, face and brought myself near the point of ejaculation by jerking myself off while having my cock and hand covered with her beautiful hair.

After this I rolled Kristan on her side and ran my rock hard cock over her arse and legs, trying my hardest not to blow my load.

I removed her sexy shoes and jammed as much of my cock in one shoe as I could and licked and breathed in her delicious foot odor from the other. (This may be slightly kinky but I really get off this way).

After a few minutes of this I laid her on her back and began sucking, licking and kissing her pretty, skinny, sexy feet.

She asked if I would like her to jerk me off with her feet, and I said: "Yes please!"

I stood in front of her as she propped herself up on the desk and placed the soles of her feet on either side of my swollen penis. I couldn't believe my dream was actually going to come true at last.

She began moving her feet back and forth along my cock, slowly increasing the speed and the pressure. I looked at her sexy feet stimulating my cock; that was too much for me and I blasted an enormous amount of come over her legs, cunt, the desk, and most importantly, her feet.

Kristan and I are now secretly dating and I'm receiving plenty of her fantastic foot jerk-offs. I even have the courage now to lick my own come off her marvellous feet. — *Name and address withheld*

Great lengths

As a teenager I bore the brunt of schoolmate ridicule with comments like "donkey-dick", "elephant trunk" and "muley." My problem was a reasonably-sized dick with a long foreskin even at 14

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years of age. As I got older I found that I filled the long foreskin and created more problems for myself. I'm no oil painting so I did not win any hearts with the girls — meanwhile the boys passed on the news of my proportions. By the time I was 16 I had developed a ten-inch cock, which was then two inches in diameter.

As I got older I learned to live with the comments. I became friendly with an older girl who was a real looker — why she picked me I couldn't guess, yet the first time we went out she wanted a picnic in the hills. I borrowed a mate's car and went to a quiet spot. We ate and then lay back talking. I plucked up enough courage to start kissing and straight away she placed my hands where she wanted them: one in her blouse and one up her skirt. I was clumsy but she told me what she wanted. I stuck a finger into her quim hole which she responded to by moving her body against my hand. I was in heaven with this beautiful girl — my fantasies coming true. By this time she was without her knickers and I was seeing my first snatch — I'd seen hair before but not cunt lips wide open. My cock was killing me, it was so hard. Alice finally groped my cock and opened the buttons to drop my strides.

"Jesus Christ," she said as my hard-on appeared. My knob was sticking out past my foreskin. She turned around and started licking it like an ice cream. She tried to put her mouth around it but she had problems with braces not letting her open her mouth wide. All this time she had been stroking my balls and squeezing my cock — I wanted to fuck her. She lay back and guided me to her cunt. As I pushed in she squealed and complained of pain — she started crying and offered to try again later. By this time my balls were aching to hell. I started to wank myself but she took over. After only three or four strokes I shot come everywhere; this took her by surprise for I then found out I was only her second guy. She showed me how to lick her cunt until she orgasmed which was a turn on for me. We never saw each other again but we sure learned from each other. I went out with more girls after this, usually with similar results. One girl admitted she had gone out with me just to be fucked by this big dick she'd heard of — she whinged all the time and told me I hurt her, I was too big. But then she wasn't any help either; she didn't want any preparation, just a "slam-bam", which doesn't help.

Then I met Trina. They called her "two bags" at school — you know, one paper bag on your head in case hers fell off. This was lousy; she wasn't a raver but by no means ugly. We met on a blind date we later found out was geared up as a joke — well it backfired. We found that we had lots in common.

Our first date was a disaster. I broke her bra strap and two buttons on her blouse trying to get at her tits. When I got to them it was worth it because they sat up on their own with big brown nipples. I let her remove the rest of her clothes before she started on mine. When she got to my pants she remarked on my bulge before she released my throbbing cock. As soon as she saw it, she wondered if she was going to be able to take it.

I kissed and squeezed those gorgeous tits and finally moved down to her crotch. She had light whispy hair and she obviously perfumed her crotch — it smelled beautiful. I spread her legs and started licking her cunt. She pulled my head up with one hand and spread her lips with the other, letting me get at her clit. It didn't seem to take long before she groaned and tensed in an obviously powerful orgasm; she was so wet that I decided to try my luck — she guided me into her cunt opening and as I pushed she tensed and whimpered. I fucked her slowly, each time feeling her body stiffen. After I'd come she cried against my chest.

We've been married 30 years now. We must have bought and paid for two Vaseline factories. Two ugly ducklings, "Donkey Dick" and "Two Bags", made it.

Our sex life is good and no less frequent, but you don't have to be ravers, sex goddesses or hunks to find good sex and, if you're lucky, happiness. I'm overweight and balding and have shifted to another city. No-one knows about my past nor my appendage here except my wife and eldest daughter, who caught us unexpectedly using the Vaseline one night when she came home early. We've explained things to her and maybe it was a lucky break in her education. — *Name and address withheld*

"All right! All right! I'll go down to the convenience store and get you a box of tampons!"

Panty pleasures

I allow myself an occasional visit to the ladies of Sydney's many houses of pleasure but cannot afford to visit every time desire visits me. One day last summer, finding that my ardor exceeded my means, I thought of a way to quench the flames of passion without exceeding my modest budget.

My idea was this: I would go to a brothel and, when the time came to discuss services and money, I would ask to purchase the panties of the young lady with whom I was speaking. I reasoned that the cost would not be great. In any event, it was worth a try.

I went first to a discreet establishment near the city. The tall redhead who

Continued on page 122

Sins

ANGER

TELLER VISIONS

Bank advertising is bunk

Australian banks are apparently in vicious competition for our business. As it's hard to tell them apart (except for the different decor), this seems a bizarre concept. But what they mean is that their advertising agencies are competing. Top marketing toads struggle to portray their banker clients in the best possible light while reducing the opposition to a pack of Draconian wallies. Obviously they can't shoot expensive video clips showing rows of spotty, pallid gits acting stroppily when someone tries to take money out, so the ad agencies stretch their imaginations practically into the realms of science fantasy.

Bank commercials come into four basic categories:

• *The Corporate Slant.* These typically show a gaggle of power-dressed movers and shakers striding masterfully along high-tech corridors, staring intently at flickering VDU screens and giving one another jolly firm handshakes. You're supposed to be impressed by the heavy-handed hints of domination and control.

• *The Family Slant.* These ads like to imply that the friendly neighborhood bank offers comfort, warmth and security from womb to tomb. Often there's this endearing and wholesome young couple who are shown meandering through the murky catacombs of the opposition. Like Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem they're turned away again and again until, finally, they reach the haven of Mega Bank. There they encounter happy, beaming tellers and a bank manager who appears thrilled at the thought of providing a home for them.

• *The Youth Slant.* In an attempt to convince correctly skeptical youngsters that banking is actually a hell of a rage, banks bill an interest rate which is about a zillionth of the going inflation rate as being a pretty smart deal, and claim that one of those Cash In A Flash When You're Stuck For A Fuck cards is the key to freedom and independence.

• *The Independent Businesswoman Slant.* Banks like to show how feminist they are by pretending to understand the businesswoman's "special needs" — as if money for females was pink and frilly or something. These commercials usually show savvy looking femmes zipping around town in a car which they Paid For Themselves (with the help of the bank) and popping in to see their nonsexist bank manager, who is usually falling over himself in an effort not to be patronising.

None of these marketing pitches portrays banking life as we know it. When was the last time you saw people smiling and chatting at the bank — let alone flinging their heads back in orgasmic peals of laughter? Have you ever witnessed the Loans Manager emerging like a bull ant from his cubicle, delirious with pleasure at the sight of you? Have you ever, for that matter, come across one without queues and where the pens tied to the counters are (a) still there and (b) actually write?

As for the cheery bank tellers shown in the commercials, given the attitude of the real life ones you'd assume they'd really rather you stored your money under the mattress. The only time they exhibit a sense of humor is when they guffaw heartily as they take off for lunch, leaving a queue stretching out the door, or when they nervously giggle at the sight of a customer's impotent rage at their incompetence.

The only simple transaction with banking is when you want to put money in. If you're getting it out, the tellers stare balefully as if they'd prefer to ask you for a blood or urine sample before continuing. Tapping into the computer, they express either amusement (a wry smirk) or disgust (a sneer) at your balance.

It must be a sordid business standing on your feet all day sorting other people's money, and we should be more understanding I suppose. The poor wretches are apparently picked on and bleated at constantly by petty middle management, whose motto is If I Get It In The Neck, You Do Too. No wonder they develop a power complex. Giving rise to paranoia and ill ease in the minds of customers is the only revenge open to them. The only overt act of courtesy I've ever seen from these mealy-mouthed individuals is to enquire as to how you would like your money.

If, however, you're attempting a complicated transaction such as jacking up an automatic payment or cashing what you were assured was a perfectly cashable bank draft, their inner doubts will surface. "Oh, oi don't know if we can do that," they'll mutter as they frown and slowly shake their head. They have to go and ask somebody else, who glares over in such a manner as to make even the most upright citizen feel like a lousy con artist. When *they* stuff up they do their utmost to blame it on the customer. Even if you've just received a bank statement detailing a certain, respectable amount of money they'll still try

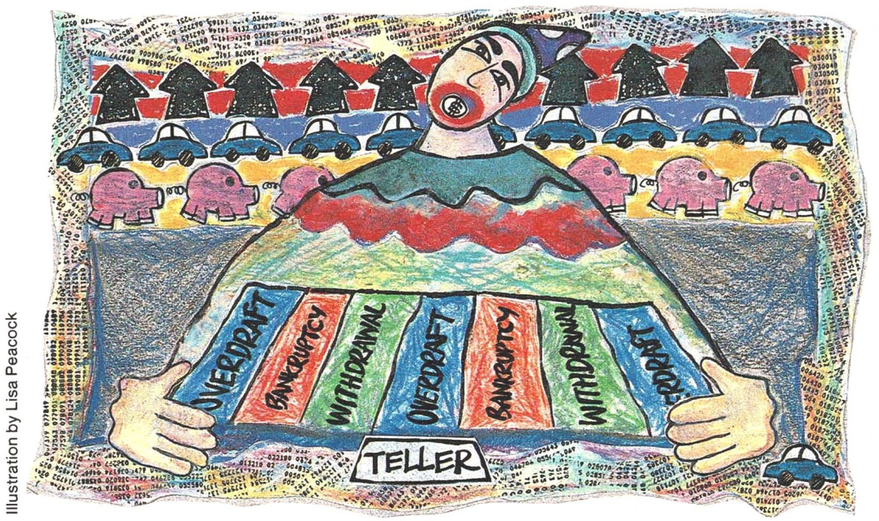

Illustration by Lisa Peacock

Sins

and claim there's only $4 in there, and often ask: "Are you sure you didn't take it out and forget?" Further enquiries elicit the stock answer: "Oi haven't got a clue." If you push it some bozo will emerge 20 minutes later to admit that it must have been an error — the computer's fault of course — and that maybe in a few days they'll sort it out.

Instead of cringing and grovelling to get what is rightfully yours, you can bore it up these bastards. Whip out a notebook and scribble a convincing shorthand. Say lightly that you're appearing on a television chat show later this week to discuss the various banks, how they measure up to one another, and how they treat the customer. Ask the manager's name. Get a lawyer mate to write to them saying that he'd like to waive his earlier (non-existent, but they won't know) letter re the deposit of Mr Thingo's forthcoming and substantial inheritance. An acquaintance of mine got taken to a slap-up lunch by his bank manager after one such correspondence. — *Jean Norman*

Illustration by John Mitchell

AVARICE

TO SAVE OR NOT TO SAVE?

In the age of credit, it's in your interest to earn before you spend

It is only now that the Australian economy is beginning to get a handle on the Brave New World the banks have encouraged the citizenry to move into.

The fabulous growth in the availability of credit has knocked our inflation rate for six (or seven or eight), blasted our international trade account deficit into orbit and doubled the rate of consumer bankruptcies.

Our international debt has topped $100 billion, ownership has been replaced by management for and on behalf of the banks and international lenders, and the payment of tax by companies has sunk to be less than what the ordinary workers pay.

Much of all this can be simply put down to the availability of credit, which has expanded to meet the demands of a society that realised that to do without, and save, was silly when you could have and pay off.

Of course the inability of government to control inflation must also take some of the blame. Why bother saving when, in the first instance, the government will rake off about half of what you earn as interest in tax and inflation wipes out most of the rest? The real after-tax rate of interest on most bank accounts is plus or minus one percent.

Nevertheless, is there still something to be said in favor of saving even from the individual's point of view?

Let's have a look at the numbers. Say I need a new lounge suite. I find a nice one for $3000.

Case i. I buy it on Bankcard (at 23 percent) and pay off $157 a month. In two years the debt will be cleared and I will have paid a total of $3770.

Case ii. I borrow from a finance company at 12 percent flat which gives monthly payments of $155 over two years for a total of $3720.

Case iii. I decided to continue with the old lounge and save $155 a week for two years in a bank account paying 12 percent p.a., crediting interest monthly. At the end of two years I'll have $4222.70. However, I'll also have to pay tax on the interest, which, assuming I'm moderately well off and pay tax at 49 percent (but skip on Medibank somehow) my actual after-tax savings amount to $3976.38.

Also, of course, during the two years I've been saving, the price of the lounge suite has gone up in line with inflation, say 6 percent a year, making the new price $3370. I buy it and am left with $606.38 to spend on a coffee table to go with it.

Okay, so let's compare. Say my twin brother bought the lounge with the finance company loan at the same time I decided to save. At the end of two years my brother would be $3720 out of pocket and have a two-year-old lounge suite. I would have a brand new lounge suite and a $606 coffee table as well, for a total cost from my pocket of $3720 ($155 x 24). I'm exactly one coffee table and two years lounge life up (less, of course, the years of embarrassment over my crappy old lounge). Who's better off? I am financially, but am I overall? Were the two years sitting on the crappy old lounge worth the $606.38 or 83 cents a day?

The Australian people have been answering that question for the last 15 years with a resounding no. A dollar a day? Who needs it, when I can be comfortable?

However, refining the assumptions used in calculating the above exercise tends to favor the saving option over the use now/pay later option. Tax, for instance, is payable after it is earned, in some cases 12 months or even more after the interest is credited to your account (ie of course, if it is paid at all — sadly, the tax file number, as far as I can see, does away with this option).

Also, in times of high interest rates the gap widens in favor of the savings option, as not only do savings earn higher rates of interest but borrowers are forced to pay more in interest too.

It is never advisable to undertake the credit purchase of any big ticket items at such times. You can find yourself locked into high interest rates for two or three years during which time the rest of the world

"Let's take the course to Bermuda."

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What happens if, say, you have a big win at the races and decide you want to pay off your lounge suite or car loan earlier than specified?

Most hire purchase and bank personal loans are flat interest rate loans and the early repayment schedule is determined by the Rule of 78, a marvellous piece of arithmetic designed to give the lender the best slice of the cherry pie.

Add the numbers from 1 to 12. You will find they total 78. Big deal. Well. . .on a flat rate loan the amount of interest is worked out in advance, added to the principal, and the result divided by the number of instalments agreed to.

You borrow a grand at 12 percent flat for 12 months: that's a total of $1120 to be repaid, divided by 12 gives us $110 a month instalment.

But in allocating the interest component of any loan the Rule of 78 is used. The interest component of the first monthly repayment of $110 is 12/78ths of the total interest charge; that of the second monthly repayment is 11/78ths; the third 10/78ths and so on, until all 78/78ths of the interest charge is paid. (For a two-year loan the figure is 300, not 78, and for three years it's the sum of the digits between 1 and 36, ie 666, the number of the beast — another good reason for not taking out three-year flat rate loans: they're compacts with the Devil.)

As you can probably work out, you pay proportionately more of the interest charge at the start of the loan than you do at the end. It is thus hardly ever worthwhile paying out a loan with only a couple of months to run: the interest savings are negligible, because you've paid most of it already.

On the other hand, paying out a loan early in its life may save you some interest but the effective cost of the loan is increased because the loan protection fees, establishment costs, stamp duty and so on are in no way refundable.

As must be clear, most lenders are not charities; and the rules they have devised favor themselves. The ordinary lender will get you coming and going. No wonder Mohammed outlawed interest rates. — *David Quicksilver*

LUST

READY, WILLING AND DISABLED

Australia's handicapped are soon to become sexually united

Living with a physical disability can be tough enough without the added weight of turning into a social cripple as well. Which is why about a decade ago Tuppy Owens formed the first Outsiders Club in Britain — a club that offers the chance for disabled people to meet each other and gain confidence in the mating game.

"It was about ten years ago, I'd say, that people really started to wake up to the idea that someone is the same person inside, legs or no legs. And they're just as lovable — less likely to run away, to boot. . ."

For everyone involved the club was a great success. "I spoke to delegates at various conferences on sexuality and told them of my project," says Owens. "Everyone was duly impressed, yet it seemed to me that the most liberal and progressive people at these international conferences were *Australians*. They told me of projects underway in rehabilitation hospitals where people could learn to make love with their new bodies, and it seemed back then that full integration was just around the corner Down Under.

"But after my first visit here during your summer, it seems that financial cutbacks and waning interest have meant that people with disabilities are actually worse off than before." It occurred to Owens that Australia was ripe for a chain of Outsiders Clubs around the country based on her British model. Her problem, though, was the limited time at her disposal. "It seemed impossible to do it all in four weeks" — until Owens stayed with activist couple Martin and Helen Stewart in Victoria.

Illustration by Paul Newman

The Stewarts are not unknown in Australia — they are the couple who earned themselves considerable notoriety last year when they announced they were going to make love on Bondi Beach in broad daylight "to prove that people with disabilities can fuck."

Martin is blind. "We got people talking. That's what we set out to achieve," he says. "Some people probably thought of us as outright sex maniacs, but we were prepared for that. It's been good for us as a couple.

We get asked normal questions now, like 'How's the marriage going?' Before, Helen was getting asked questions like 'How do you wash his face?' "

When the Stewarts heard Tuppy's ideas on the clubs, they saw it as a real opportunity. "In the beginning we treated her with caution, but we soon found her to be extremely genuine." Between them, they've planned a future for Outsiders Clubs in this country.

Says Helen: "Sex is a core aspect of the liberation of any minority group. Society manufactures strange sexual myths about the disabled to keep them neatly tucked away. We want to see disabled people blossom."

It's now at the point where the Outsiders Club is looking fo

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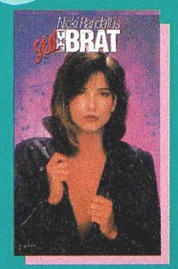
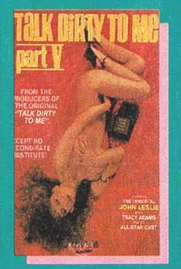


Still The Brat



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members to get the whole show on the road.

It is planned to start the groups in people's homes, "and see how it catches on. We're very much feeling things out," says Martin. "Once people get in touch and show their interest, we'll be getting a newsletter underway to co-ordinate things." There are also plans for a subscription-type magazine for people in remote areas. While there will be no blatant matching up of people at the meetings, Martin says that if things get up and running an introduction service along those lines might be possible for people in isolated areas.

Acceptance into the club is open to anyone — "It's totally non-discrimatory," says Martin. To find out more and to register interest, ring (03) 429 6025. — *Vince Reid*

GLUTTONY

THE MARTINI

The world's most famous cocktail is back in the spotlight

There is something about a Martini,
Ere the dining and dancing begin,
And to tell you the truth,
It is not the vermouth,
I think that perhaps it's the gin.
— Ogden Nash

Potent, penetrating and good-looking, the dry martini is back with a vengeance. Over the past year, sales of imported gins have shot up with the renewed popularity of the finest mixed drink ever invented.

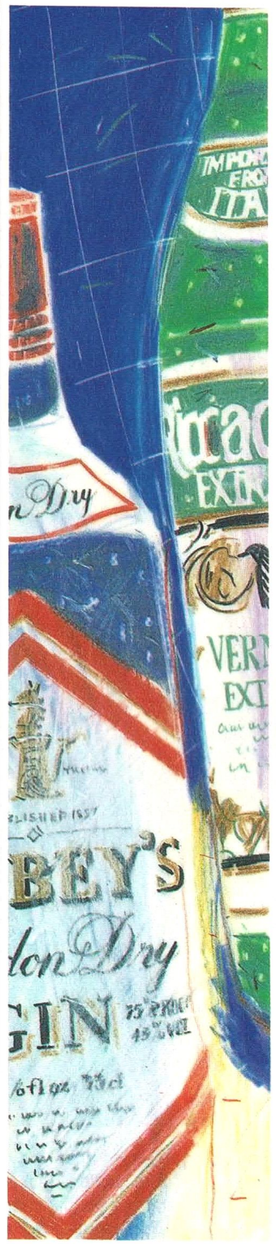
As with all semi-mythical drinks, the origin of the dry martini is a subject of great speculation. There is no doubt that it was invented in America, but authorities are unevenly divided between the claims of the legendary 19th Century barman, Jerry Thomas, and the rather lesser known Martini de Arra de Taggia.

Jerry concocted what he called a Martinez in 1862 but the fact that he used a large amount of vermouth, old-fashioned sweet gin and maraschino puts him out of the running in many people's eyes. Although this was acknowledged as a distinctive drink, it is felt that it's wildly overstating the case to claim that the Martinez is the forefather of the dry martini.

The bulk of educated opinion favors Martini de Arra de Taggia, who was the barman at the Waldorf Astoria at the beginning of the century. Obviously a great believer in classic simplicity, his ultimately world-beating invention was originally made with French vermouth and gin. Later, when the Italians got into the act, it was widely thought that the drink got its name from the leading brand of Italian vermouth instead of its humble originator. After Prohibition, the dry martini became the linchpin of the Cocktail Age and throughout the Forties social climbers thought serving a dry martini gave them instant class. In the following two decades the martini was the embodiment of Middle America's ideal of grey flannel and bouffant-haired worldliness.

The "tee-many-martooni" lunch has been on the decline for years in the US, which is perfectly logical because hard liquor dulls the taste buds. But when the cocktail hour comes, young executives still see it as the drink that conveys an air of rising sophistication. Many famous drinks have formulae that brook little variation, but the dry martini is not one of them. Heated bar battles still rage about what constitutes the perfect dry martini, and the consensus of opinion is that it is as elusive a concept as the perfect woman.

The dry martini started life as



a mixture of two parts gin to one part dry vermouth. In the Forties and Fifties, gin began its rise to dominance and a ratio of three or four parts gin to one part vermouth became the classic combination. But subsequent decades have seen the virtual exclusion of vermouth in a macho drive to new heights of dryness.

John Doxat, who has written a whole book on the subject of the dry martini, maintains that the highest acceptable proportion of gin to vermouth is seven to one, while he personally favors a blend of 12 to one.

That well-known mixologist, Dean Martin, simply waves a bottle of vermouth over his gin and whispers "vermouth" to it. Sir Winston Churchill was content to fill his glass with England's pride and give the vermouth bottle a cursory glance.

Even in the traditional Forties three-to-one formula, the dry martini is a little Fokker of a drink. When it is only an excuse to drink gin, it becomes a potentially paralysing Harrier jump-jet and hardly qualifies for the name "mixed drink."

Gin and vermouth are perfect bedfellows and it is the unique chemistry between their aromatic flavorings that gives a good dry martini its peerless character. The "correct" proportions will, no doubt, always be a matter of individual choice, but those who want to drink neat gin should not delude themselves into drinking the "ultimate" dry martini.

The rituals involved in making a dry martini vary from the straightforward to operations of military precision. But one unwavering constant is that everything connected with the concoction should be piercingly cold.

My personal preference is for a mixture of three parts gin to one part vermouth without the dilution and appearance-spoiling presence of ice in the glass. To make this variation, pour 270ml gin and 90ml dry vermouth into a thick preserving jar with a tight-fitting lid. Place the jar in the freezer, and refrigerate four long-stemmed martini glasses for about two hours prior to serving. By pouring time, the liquor is searingly cold and has acquired the consistency of ni-

Illustration by Donna Cross

troglycerine. Stir with a chilled bar spoon, pour into glacial glasses and twist some lemon rind over the surface of each drink.

Another popular method is to just chill everything involved separately. At blending time, fill a mixing glass with dry, very hard ice-cubes so that when you pour over the gin, an icy spume rises up. Then add the vermouth and stir energetically. Immediately strain into frosted glasses.

Followers of the "whiff of vermouth" school should simply pour about 90ml of icy vermouth into a mixing glass half filled with ice cubes. The moment the vermouth reaches the bottom, toss it out and replace it with 60ml freezing gin. Stir vigorously and strain into a frosted glass and

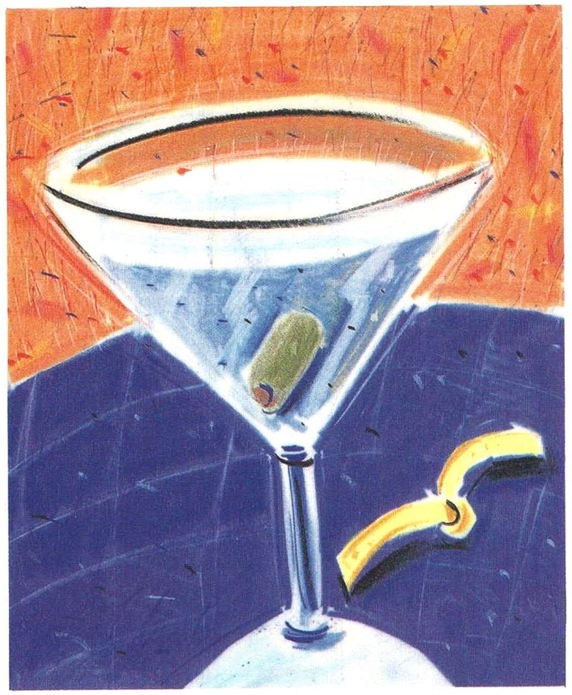


Illustration by Donna Cross

complete with a spray of lemon zest. This will give you one dry martini with a machismo ratio of one part vermouth to 12 parts gin.

A whole generation, it seems, has turned its back on gin, and vodka is rapidly becoming the new "classic" ingredient in the dry martini; in many circles, aficionados say that it is poised to take over from gin as the main primary. Again the trend has developed towards the nth degree of dryness but, as is the case with gin, if you want to drink straight vodka, say so.

Even the question of how, or rather how not, to decorate a dry martini is fraught with controversy. Purists maintain that all you need to do is to squeeze a sliver of lemon rind over the drink so that a delicate burst of zesty oil perfumes the surface. Actually floating the rind in the liquor is popular with some, but others maintain that when they want a fruit salad, they'll ask for one.

The other optional garnish with the widest following is the green olive. Those who love them are adamant that they should never be stuffed; those who don't say they give the drink an oily finish. True martini lovers ignore people who add dashes of orange bitters, Pernod or dry sherry. And those who add a cocktail onion have made themselves a Gibson. — *Elisabeth King*

Sins

VANITY

GETTING KNOTTED

Neckties talk. So what are yours saying about you?

Thousands of women were recently shown a video clip of a staggeringly handsome bloke stripping himself starkers. He didn't do this in a flashy or burlesque style, but slowly and tantalisingly, with his audience clearly in mind. This little treat, the newspaper report said, was part of a scientific survey to find out exactly what turned females on. The researchers were apparently "quite shocked" to discover that the ladies thought the most erotic part of the performance was when the stripper slowly loosened his tie, smiled, and pulled it off. This, of course, was long before he got near taking his trousers off — let alone dropping his undies. Most women in the street would have told the boffins that there's something terribly sexy about this action on the part of a man, but I suppose they had to prove it under laboratory conditions.

Even in those body language books there's always a section on men and ties. Apparently when they run their hands up and down them it's either (a) a masturbatory reflex; (b) an ego reinforcement technique; or (c) a way of showing their superiority . . . depending on which text you skim through in the bookshop. But if it wasn't for ties, men would have to fondle their trouser legs or lapels, which would look decidedly queer.

Novelist Alison Lurie, in her book *The Language Of Clothes*, asserts that a man's tie is "sexually symbolic, especially if it is brightly colored or in some way unusual." She points out that James Laver pronounced the tieless Catholic priest to be "symbolically castrated", and proposes her own theory that the "narrow leather thong ties often favoured by elderly American men suggest a withering or drying up of the passions."

Ties *are* quite bizarre. In a sea of dark-suited money men they stand out like bright little flags. "They are a means, and often the only means fashion-wise, by which a businessman can convey his individuality," claims Richard Bowman, who directs an upmarket menswear store. "Our clients will purchase an expensive suit within minutes, then spend hours deciding which tie to buy. It's a very personal thing. It can be quite sad when a man picks a tie to try and express what he thinks is his personality, and when it doesn't he worries that he actually has no personality." Bowman says this is the reason most men have about two dozen ties but only wear three or four of them.

Traditionally, dark ties reveal a guarded and conservative person whereas the brighter ones indicate an open-minded extrovert. Geometric or striped ties are worn by the regimented personality who reveres order and fears chaos and disruption.

The canary yellow tie used to be a huge seller, but is now impossible to offload. Bowman says this is because "so many of the guys wearing them went broke in the Crash that they're unsaleable."

The color yellow is supposed to symbolise hope, cheerfulness and optimism. So what sells now? Red ties — as in blood, courage, heat, danger and passion — account for more than 50 percent of sales in most of the menswear shops I visited. "It's because they're vibrant and masculine," said one salesman.

A tie obviously *can't* reflect the wearer's uniqueness unless over half of Aussie men are exactly the same, but what it can

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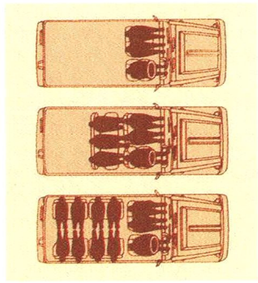

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Sins

do is show whether or not the man is stuck in a time warp, whether he or his woman buys his ties, and how Up With The Play he is. Time warpees have a dated air about them and their ties actually smell a little musty, as if even the moths are put off. Men dutifully wearing the tie She bought them look martyred — as if they realise that the thoughtful gift was actually a demand that they wear it or else. They're living up to somebody else's image of them.

Here are the coming trends in ties — as gleaned from fashion buyers, designers and general know-it-alls.

First are the anti-trends. *Out* are shiny ties, anything lurexy or glittery or that glimmers in the dark. *Out* are ties with other men's names on them — even if they are Pierre, Yves or Calvin. The label goes on the inside. Even self-promoting Pierre Cardin is now refraining from scrawling his signature over everything. *Out* (for the last time) are leather ties.

In case you hadn't noticed, the entire fashion world is swinging back to the classic look. It does this whenever conservatism is on the rise and/or a depression seems imminent. To get the general idea, look at a Ralph Lauren advertisement hawking his products through an image of aristocracy at play and yet secure in their appreciation of things that endure — timeless quality and all that.

Ties are a sort of barometer of masculine dress trends. Yuppies are now so out it's not amusing and the look will be landed gentry, old moneyish. It doesn't matter if you have no peerage or pedigree — this is the look, apparently.

• The collegiate look is hot. Best if you can dig out a decent school or uni tie but not so bad if you can't, as most good menswear shops have convincing little numbers with coats of arms on them or *fleur de lys*. Navy blue (goes with everything) and red and green are the best colors. A tie manufacturer told me these ties represent (here we go again) "loyalty, commitment and a time-honored set of values." Whether or not you'd recognise a value if you fell over one is something you'll have to figure out for yourself.

• Ties are getting wider again — not as wide as they used to be in the early Seventies, but not as thin as they have been for a couple of years now. I wonder if this means men are becoming less narrow-minded, or less insecure about the size of their genitals.

Illustration by Scott Kennedy

• Replacing stripes are the paisleys. Watch this because it's apparently a very "young" look. If you're over a certain age, said a fashion buyer who'd just returned from Milan, you'll look like a Sixties refugee. They're meant for the generation that didn't wear them in the first wave. The patterns will be far more subtle than the last lot.

• Ties will not contain contrasting colors. Various shades of one color create an harmonic effect. "Muted, understated and aristocratic," pronounced a menswear expert.

• The cumbersome Windsor Knot is set to return. Start practising how to tie one now.

• Silk ties are *in*. Polyester ties are not nice to touch. Silk ties are sensuous. Polyester ties are fake and they're masquerading as something they're not. They don't match this new enduring classic mood. Women, if not men, are expert at spotting synthetic fabrics.

• Plain colored ties will be in khaki, taupe and a sort of beige wheat color which they haven't thought of a name for yet. It may sound a little drab but they're very flattering and especially enhancing of the eyes. The ever so popular red ties often have the opposite effect. I saw a businessman the other day with a red tie which set off his bloodshot eyes to such an alarming extent that they resembled budgie's eggs poached in blood.

• The tie clip, aka tie bar, is back. Ostensibly worn to stop your tie trailing in the soup or to keep it from flapping wildly as you dash into the corporate chopper, the clip is a non-pompous and appealing form of masculine jewellery. Platinum clips are apparently big in certain circles offshore, but over here people wouldn't know platinum from aluminium, so best stick to gold or silver.

Still selling well (but manufacturers wish they weren't) are ties with kangaroos bounding all over them — in regimented patterns even. Only American tourists can get away with this one and even they should refrain from donning the things before they reach the transit lounge.

For Winter 1990 they say wool ties (narrow) will re-emerge (but please don't worry about this yet) in flamboyant hues such as indigo and turquoise.

If all this seems like too much of a fuss over a flap of cloth, remember that if you were living

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a couple of centuries ago you would have had to spend hours arranging the folds of a snowy white cravat into a gentlemanly semblance. There were hundreds of different styles, each with their own status and consequence to the observer, and the same of course applies today. — *Jean Norman*

SLOTH

WILD KINGDOM

Zimbabwe is a shining light in the heart of the Dark Continent

The boat was a small aluminium dinghy with a 20 horsepower engine — hardly enough power to get out of trouble if we ventured too close. The boatman beckoned us aboard and we reluctantly obliged by seating ourselves on either side, hoping to give the small craft as much stability as possible.

The blazing African sun beat down on us and the slight breeze created by our passage through the deep blue waters to the other side of the lake was a welcome relief from an otherwise scorching day. The ice-cool appearance of the lake was almost too much to bear. But the thought of jumping in was dispelled by a simple word from the boatman: "Crocodile."

The mountains surrounding the lake created a closed in feeling. As we approached the far shore the remains of dead trees poked out of the water, legacy of a man-made lake. The red clay of the banks provided a deep contrast to the blue waters. The boatman cut the engine to idle speed and we edged our way further into the barren trees.

Then, as we floated there, they suddenly appeared like corks springing to the surface. First one raised its nostrils and ears, then all of its head. A small snort and a spray of water, and then another appeared. Within three minutes there were 20 or so very large hippopotami surrounding us. Like a group of overweight ice skaters, the hippos scooted along the bottom of the lake directly underneath us. Appearing momentarily, they'd try to comprehend this new threat, then submerge and disappear only to reappear 20 metres away. We stayed with the hippos for what seemed like ages, never tiring of their games. We eventually decided to leave them before they became agitated and attacked the boat.

This kind of adventure on Lake Kariba in western Zimbabwe is one of many to be had on the African continent — but particularly in Zimbabwe, which has an abundance of wildlife and natural beauty. You would be hard-pressed to find a better atmosphere anywhere in Africa.

Tribal dance performed for guests at Victoria Falls Hotel, Zimbabwe — the source of the Zambezi River, the source of man.

Since the country gained independence in 1980 from the British and former Prime Minister Ian Smith was forced to hand over power to the guerilla leader Robert Mugabe, Zimbabwe has stood as a shining example to other African nations. After a protracted civil war and the near collapse of the economy, Zimbabwe has gone from weakness to strength and become one of Africa's and the world's most outspoken critics of South Africa's apartheid system. With the country now standing firmly on its feet, it has become a favored tourist spot in southern Africa.

This does not mean Zimbabwe is overrun by tourists. Quite the contrary. However, for those who like value for money, excitement and adventure, this country can fill the bill. On a continent where rulers come and go with great frequency and no less bloodshed, Zimbabwe has developed into a progressive place. Landlocked with Zambia to the north, Mozambique to the east, Botswana to the west and South Africa firmly entrenched to the south, Zimbabwe has a host of different landscapes to attract the curious.

From Lake Kariba we followed its source, the Zambezi River, to the spectacular Victoria Falls. Once there we settled into the famous Victoria Falls Hotel with its high ceilings, overhead fans and numerous servants — reminders of a bygone era when immense power was wielded by colonialists.

At night in the hotel the guests are entertained by a local Matabele tribal dance: multicolored costumes, primitive rhythms. In the morning we did the legendary "flight of the angels", which involves flying perilously close over Victoria Falls in a small twin-engined aircraft and getting one of the most spectacular views imaginable. With the thunderous Zambezi River squeezing into a bottleneck at the falls and cascading over a 130-metre drop, the resulting vapor and deafening roar are breathtaking.

After a half-hour flight on Air Zimbabwe and two landing attempts thwarted by wildebeest and baboons sauntering across the runway, we landed at Hwange in the heart of Matabeleland and the Wankie National Park. Living in tree houses at the Sikumi tree lodge at Dete, we were able to view the wildlife at close quarters. At dusk the animals venture down to the water hole to drink. Elephant, jackal, ostrich, sable antelope, eland, wildebeest and cheetah all share the water hole in what appears an uneasy truce. The struggle for survival will begin again as the blanket of night descends on the bush.

The constant stampeding and scattering of the herds of zebra and wildebeest signal the arrival of a pride of lions. The surprisingly low kill success rate of 43 percent makes the lion one of the least efficient killers in the African wild. This time, though, the lions have been lucky. The shrill scream of a zebra and the victorious roar of a lioness signify the inevitable for the panic-stricken prey.

The life-and-death struggle that takes place every minute amongst wildlife throughout Africa is analagous to the struggle of so many African countries as they battle famine, drought, civil war and economic hardship. Zimbabwe, although not without its own problems, is an African adventure that won't be too much of a heart-render. — *Robert Whittle*

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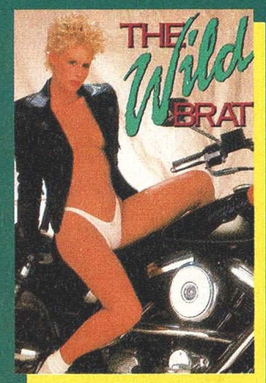

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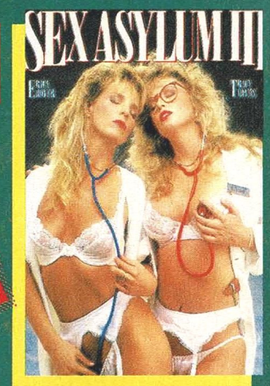

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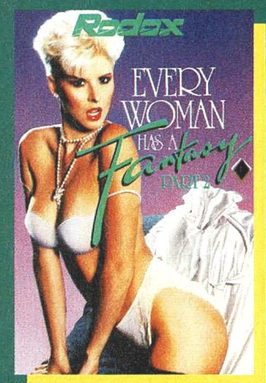
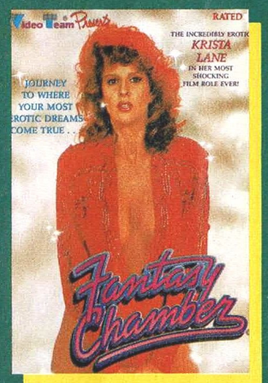
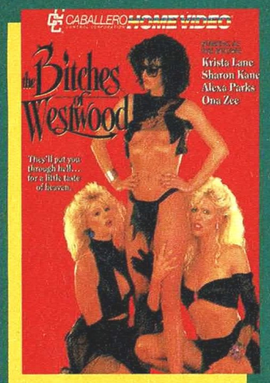


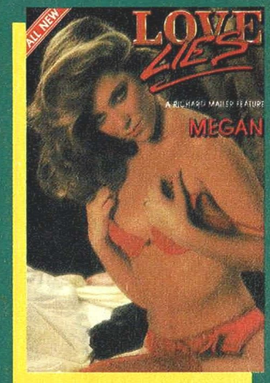
Every Woman Has A Fantasy



Fantasy Chamber



The Bitches Of Westwood



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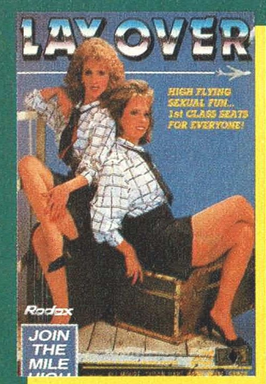

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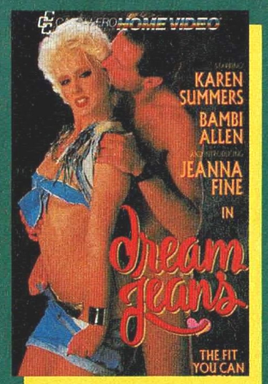

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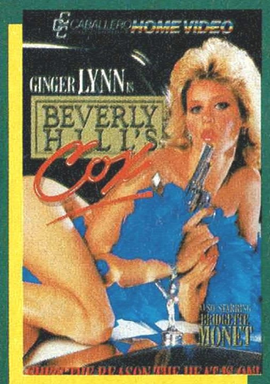

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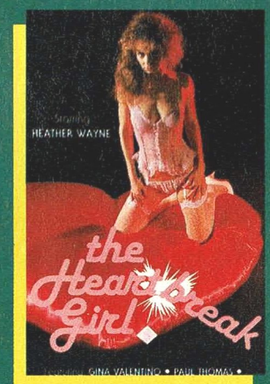

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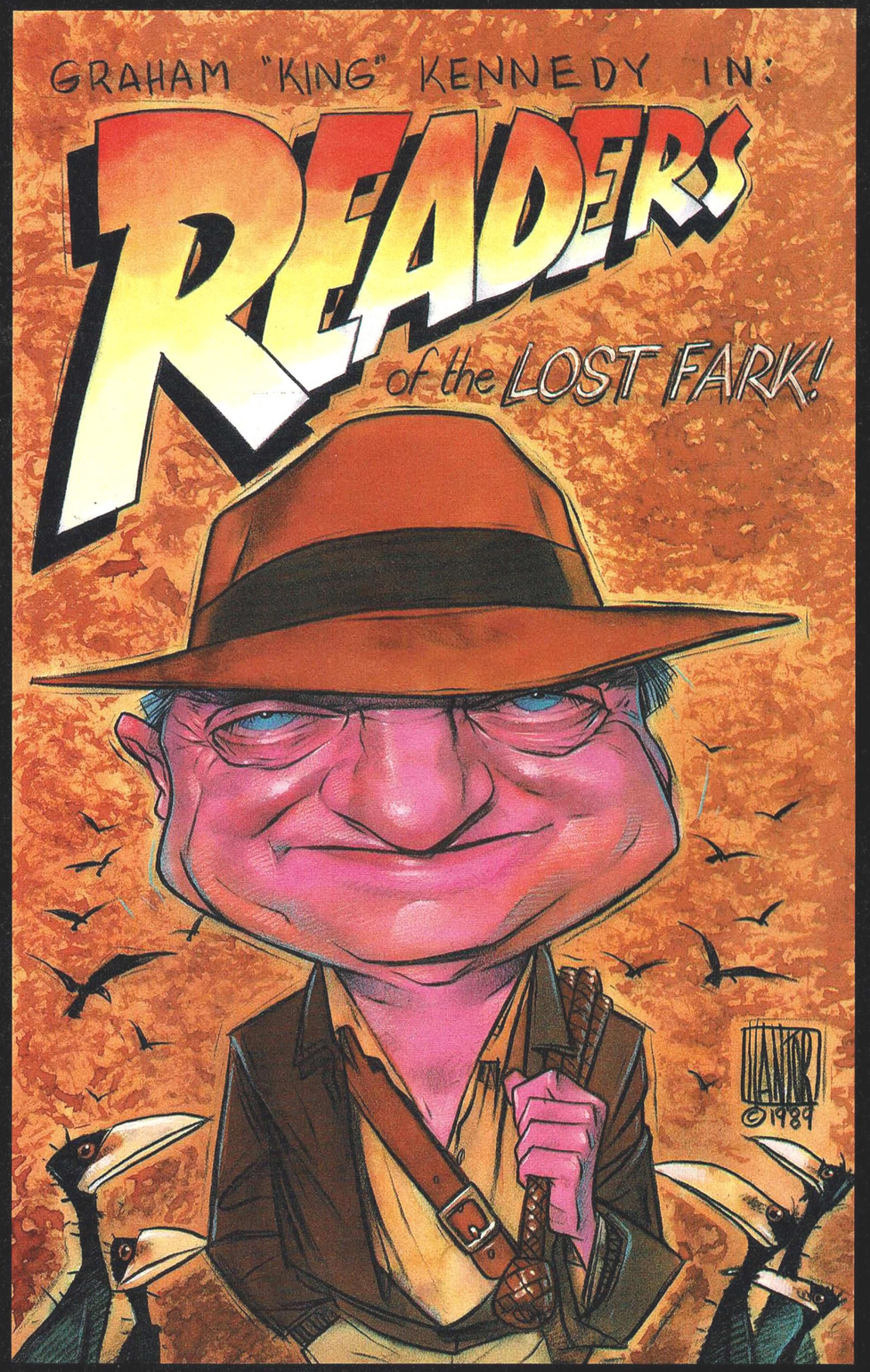


KANTOR'S GALLERY

THE FAMILY

Is a group of eminent Adelaide citizens responsible for this country's most gruesome serial murders?

When the long arm of the law finally reaches out to claim the members of South Australia's murderous Family, its hand will belong to a burly cop called Trevor Kipling.

This June marks the tenth year that Detective-Sergeant Kipling has been working on the case — perhaps he's even obsessed with it. Certainly nearly all of his waking hours are devoted to solving one of the most frustrating cases in Australian criminal history.

A group of homosexual thrill murderers, dubbed The Family, is believed to be responsible for the murders of five young men over a four-year period between June 1979 and June 1983. The same group is believed to be responsible for the abduction and rape of as many as 200 young men in South Australia.

Incredibly, its nine or so members are believed to include men who are prominent in the state's legal and medical communities. Detective-Sergeant Kipling believes he knows who they are.

BY NIGEL HOPKINS

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL NEWMAN

N·E·W·M·A·N

THE VICTIMS

BARNES, Alan Arthur, age 17: His body, which had been sexually abused, washed and redressed, was found by a bushwalker in the Adelaide Hills on June 24, 1979. A pathologist's report showed he died from severe internal wounds which suggested something, possibly a bottle, had been thrust into his body through the anus; this would have caused death within minutes. Detectives said at the time he may have been held as a prisoner for up to five days. He had last been seen hitchhiking and getting into a car in an Adelaide suburb several days before his death.

MUIR, Neil Frederick, age 25: The so-called "body in the bag" murder. His skilfully dismembered body was found in a large, black plastic bag lying on rocks in Adelaide's Port River on August 28, 1979. His body had been cut into 43 pieces, skinned and decapitated. Similar wounds to the lower part of his body suggested to detectives that there may have been a link between Muir's death and that of Barnes. A Mount Gambier doctor was charged with Muir's murder, but after a sensational 24-day trial, was acquitted on October 9, 1980.

STOGNEFF, Peter, age 14: Peter left his Hope Valley home on August 27, 1981, apparently intending to wag school; he was not seen alive again. On June 24, 1982, a charred skeleton which had been hacked into three pieces was found beside a dirt track about 40km north of Adelaide. Several months later, after a cruel wait for the Stogneff family, an inquest confirmed detectives' suspicions that these were the remains of Peter Stogneff. In August 1982, major crime squad detectives, who conceded they

had reached a brick wall in their investigations, requested an inquest into the death of Alan Barnes. Concern was growing that the three deaths might be linked.

LANGLEY, Mark Andrew, age 18: Mark was last seen near the River Torrens in Adelaide early on Sunday, February 28, 1982. His badly decomposed body was found eight days later dumped beside an isolated track in the Adelaide Hills. He had suffered significant injuries to his rectum and an incision in his lower abdomen had been crudely stitched. As with Barnes, his body has been cleaned, washed and redressed. A police report in June 1984 linked his death with that of Barnes. In 1986 a request for an inquest into his death was rejected because it was still under investigation. An inquest was finally begun in 1987 and lasted eight months.

KELVIN, Richard Dallas, age 15: Richard was last seen on the evening of Sunday June 6, 1983, running towards his North Adelaide home after farewelling a friend at a bus stop. His body was found on July 24 dumped in the bush beside a dirt airstrip about 30km north of Adelaide. Four days later police interviewed 37-year-old Adelaide accountant Bevan Von Einem, who denied involvement in the boy's disappearance. Later he was charged with abducting Richard and keeping him captive, beaten and heavily drugged for five weeks before killing him and dumping his body. After a harrowing court trial, Von Einem was convicted and sent to jail for a record 24-year non-parole term. His appeal against the sentence failed, and in March 1985 the sentence was increased to a new record 36-year non-parole term. This is the last known murder by The Family.

THE FAMILY

Incredibly, despite the number of young men assaulted and the offering of a $250,000 reward to lure an informant, there has been an extraordinary silence about The Family.

Only one man has been convicted: 42-year-old accountant Bevan Von Einem, whose record 36-year non-parole sentence for the murder of Richard Kelvin in 1983 should keep him in jail until 2012. Although police are convinced he was helped by others who shared his terrible bloodlust, none have been arrested.

By July 1983, police were admitting the possibility of a link between the killings, but it took years before similarities in the teenage deaths convinced Crime Squad detectives that they were connected in some way; an inquest into four of the deaths was finally held in June 1987.

The web of dark secrets extends back to the notorious Duncan case, when homosexual university lecturer Dr George Duncan was thrown into the River Torrens, where he drowned, on a night in May 1972. Bevan Von Einem was there that night; he helped another man out of the river who had been thrown in with Dr Duncan.

Three Vice Squad men were suspended and later resigned from the police force for refusing to answer questions at the inquest. Later, two would be charged and stand trial for being involved in the Duncan death. They were acquitted.

And memories have been revived of murdered homosexual solicitor Derrance Stevenson, who appeared at the coronial inquiry into Dr Duncan's death, and who himself was murdered by his lover David Szach on June 4, 1979, 20 days before the first of The Family's five known murders, that of Alan Barnes on June 24.

With each murder the public outcry grew. Adelaide's daily newspapers were filled with headlines such as "Duncan curse haunts a city" and "Victim of beasts", and even "SA lives up to its grisly reputation", as attempts were made to put the bizarre murders into some sort of perspective.

It was not surprising that this grisly view appealed to many South Australians, already appalled by the series of Truro murders in which seven young women aged between 15 and 26 were murdered by convicted killer James Miller, who was sentenced to jail for life. Those murders had taken place between December 1976 and February 1977, little more than two years before The Family first struck.

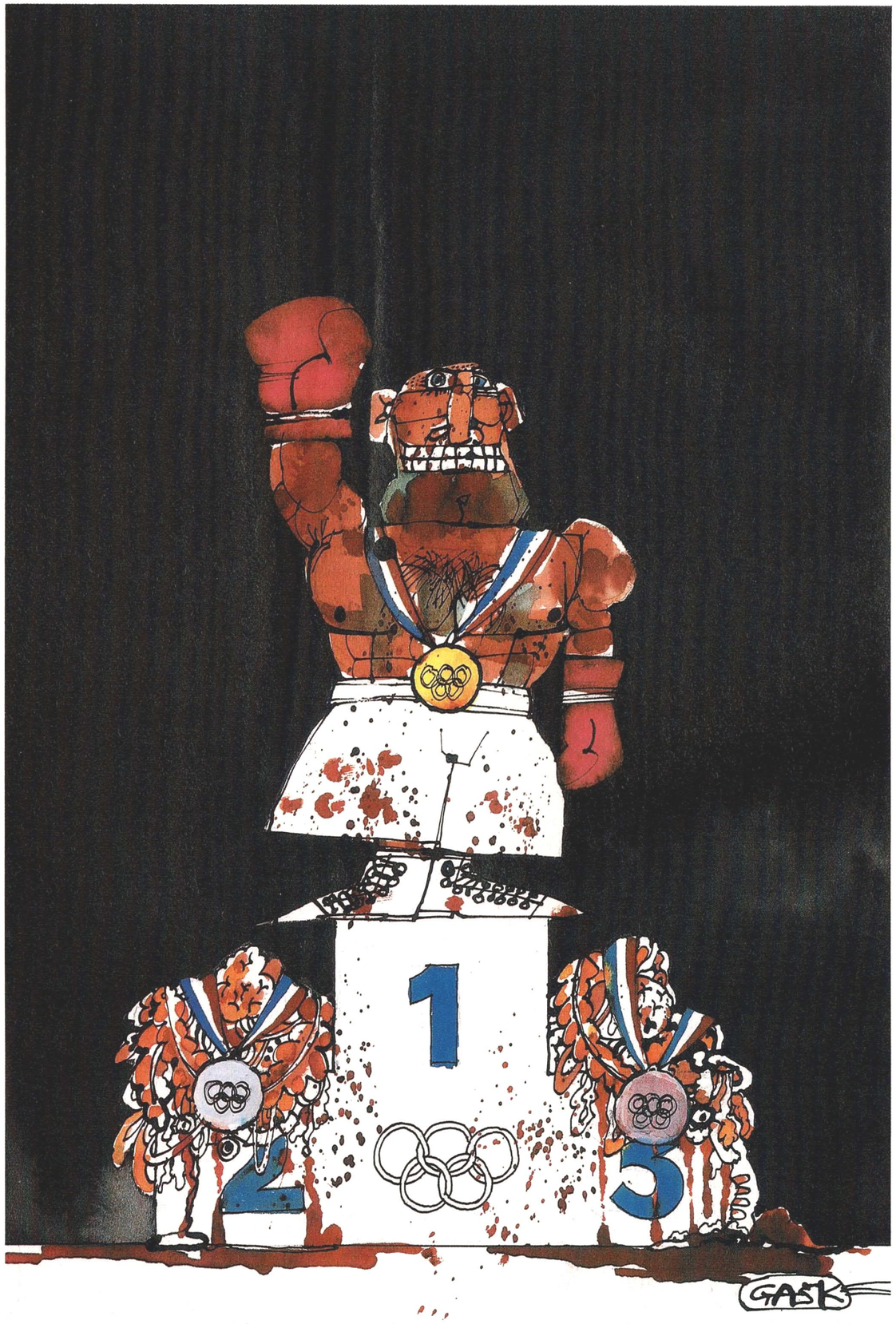
As the details of each succeeding teenage youth's murder was revealed, it became clear that another ghastly horror was unfolding.

Adelaide is an otherwise orderly, placid city, in many ways still an overgrown country town; such violent, deviant acts couldn't be brushed aside as part of the price of big city life. This wasn't New York or even Los Angeles where, 10 years before Alan Barnes was to die, Charles Manson and his "family" slaughtered actress Sharon Tate and six others.

This is no less a story than that of Manson and his cohorts, and it is given an added chill by the fact that it involves a so-called Family of murderers who are, with one exception, still walking the streets, still practising their professions under an increasingly thin veneer of respectability. And they have been left untouched even by the lure of a $250,000 reward, the same amount that was offered following the murder of top cop Colin Winchester in Canberra earlier this year, and despite promises of immunity from prosecution.

Senior police agree that this points to the degree of fear that The Family is still able to inspire. "It is quite astonishing this has not worked as a catalyst," says regional police boss Chief Inspector Gerry Edwards. "It's an indication of the level of people we're dealing with."

The picture of The Family is still very



THE FAMILY

cloudy — names have been whispered, speculation has tainted some of the highest-ranked names in the community — but those who claim to know the real names say they are further down the list: prominent, well-known in their own professional circles, but not public figures.

Despite the lurid headlines of the past 10 years, the news last September that police had pinpointed The Family — even though it remained frustratingly out of legal grasp — met a relatively quiet public reaction. Perhaps it merely confirmed what many people already suspected. Perhaps, because the details of the whole picture had been revealed as fragments over such a long period of time, the populace had had its collective sensitivity numbed; people can take only so much horror in their lives before they start to turn off.

For the five families of the murdered youths the horror has never ceased. These were deaths that were brutal and sordid; these young men died in ways that were too cruel. If only for their own survival, these families have had to learn to contain their own anger and frustration that The Family still remains free.

Last September Det-Sgt Kipling revealed that the police were now convinced that a nine-member homosexual gang, including highly-placed, even eminent people, had abducted and raped possibly more than 200 young men. They had also been responsible for the murders of Barnes, Muir, Stogneff, Langley and Kelvin (see box). In each case the gang had picked up the youths, drugged and sexually abused them, murdered them and mutilated their bodies.

Speaking on the television program *60 Minutes*, Det-Sgt Kipling claimed that police knew the identities of the gang members, who had been questioned by police.

"These people know they are suspects," he said. "I am sure they have laughed at us and think they have gotten away with it. They were working from 1979 through to '83. I would have to say every weekend someone would have been attacked."

Despite this, only seven victims had contacted the police. One of them, a 28-year-old man, told how he had been leaving a hotel when he had been lured into a car by a man posing as a woman.

He had been taken to a party with several men, where he had been offered alcohol and drugs. It's believed he was given a Mickey Finn — alcohol laced with chloral hydrate. When things began to get blurry he "realised there was something in my coffee. I got up off my chair; the whole room was spinning. I had no control."

He said he was carried to a bed, "then a light went off, someone climbed into the bottom of the bed. Well, it ended up being a man. I thought I was dead. For three hours of my own life I did not know what happened."

Two women have, in fact, come forward in recent months and police believe that one of them may hold intimate knowledge of The Family.

The first was a woman who last November approached an Anglican priest in Adelaide with the message that she was a member of a cult which had threatened her life if she exposed the group.

The Reverend Allan Davies, of St Luke's Mission in the city, was reported as saying it was not the first time he had had contact with such people in Adelaide: "There is a spreading of the occult in Adelaide. They are very secretive," adding that many people were frightened for their lives after finding they couldn't leave the various groups.

Detectives investigating The Family have been much more interested in a woman who phoned police twice and wrote a fact-filled letter in November after watching on the television program *Australia's Most Wanted* a re-enactment of events leading to the disappearance of Mark Langley. The contents of the letter have not been made public, but it tallied sufficiently with what police already knew to give the woman credibility.

A special police hotline took more than 40 calls from the public immediately after the television program. One, possibly from the same woman who wrote the letter to police, claimed she had a friend, aged about 25, who on the night of Langley's disappearance had seen a young man with blond hair lying "either dead or drunk" in the rear of a panel van, which had been occupied by another man, a homosexual known to police.

This followed a similar strong response after a *60 Minutes* program the previous month.

The waiting game began for more pieces in the deadly jigsaw to fall into place. "It's all in the woman's hands," said Det-Sgt Trevor Kipling. "She is obviously thinking it over and we are prepared to wait."

Months later they are still waiting. For the families of the murdered youths, the wait for more information has become both frustrating and agonising.

Mark Langley's mother Jan and her husband David joined with the other parents at a media conference to make a public plea shortly before last Christmas for the woman to come forward "for the sake of all South Australians. If you have any children of your own, I would ask you to come forward to protect them."

Mrs Judy Barnes said she and other parents desperately needed help from the mystery caller and understood the fear she might have in coming forward, but, she added, the $250,000 reward would help her start a new life.

Mrs Lydia Stogneff said: "It is now seven years since Peter went missing. Please help us. Help us for the teenagers of South Australia to be able to walk on the streets again."

And Richard Kelvin's father, television newsreader Rob Kelvin, broke his silence over the killing of his son because of the importance of the information the woman held: "I can't understand (why someone has not come forward) when you think of the details, not only with Richard but all those other boys, too. You can't help but think of the fact that so many people were involved."

It was an emotional conference. As each parent made their plea the years of pain and uncertainty sounded in their voices. Many could not hold back their tears.

But it didn't work. No more has been heard from the woman or from any other informant; or, if it has, nothing has been made public.

Police Chief Gerry Edwards said the information in the letter suggested the woman wanted to come forward but was frightened. "But we would do everything in our power to protect the individual and I urge her to come forward on that basis," he said. "We believe this woman can tell us everything we need to know. We believe the person is genuine and wants to help us, but she is afraid. We just need a little bit more and we will achieve a breakthrough."

His words have been reinforced by Det-Sgt Kipling, the policeman who knows in his heart that he will put The Family behind bars one day.

"We don't need informants for court, but to prove that our theories are all correct. We want descriptions and names," he says. "We want people who were picked up by Von Einem and anyone else from 1979 to 1983 to come forward and tell us their experiences.

"They would have been young teenagers when they were picked up and they are now young men. They were probably ashamed and embarrassed at what took place at the time and that's probably why they didn't come forward.

"They may now have the good sense to see that if they tell us what happened, that may well be the link that clears this matter up."

As for The Family, Det-Sgt Kipling's contempt is undisguised: "They are pretty sick. You can't get much lower in life than these people; they have to be pretty sick.

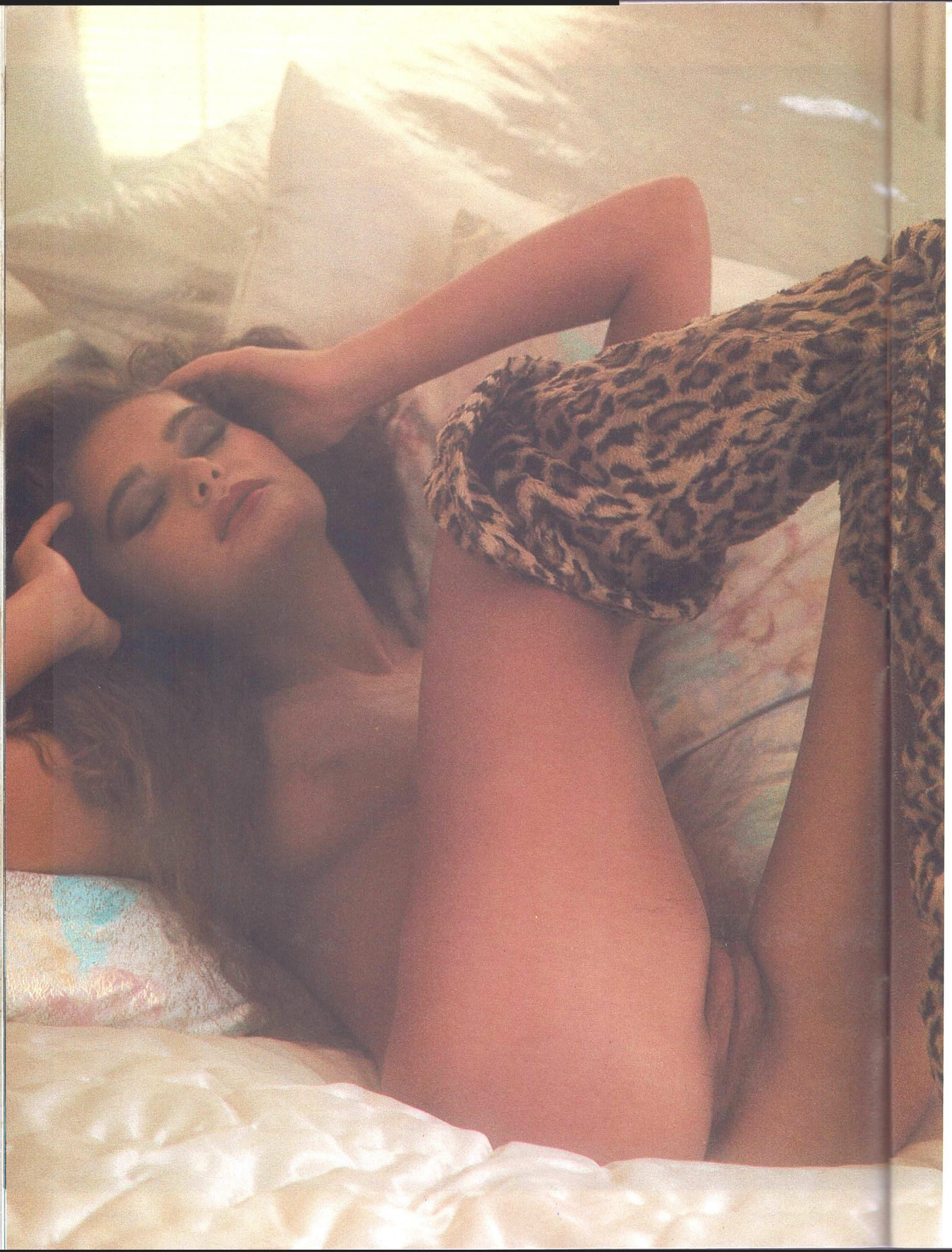
"They live together, work together, play together, plot together. I'm sure they have laughed at us. They think they have gotten away with it. They know they are suspects. They have been told."

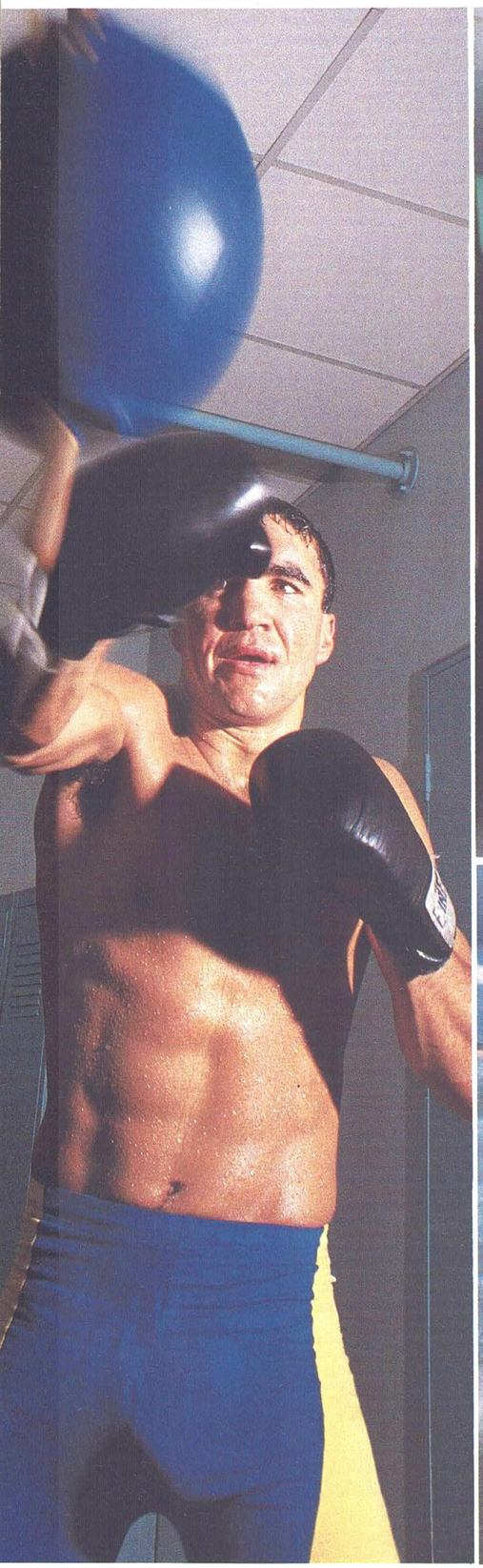
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

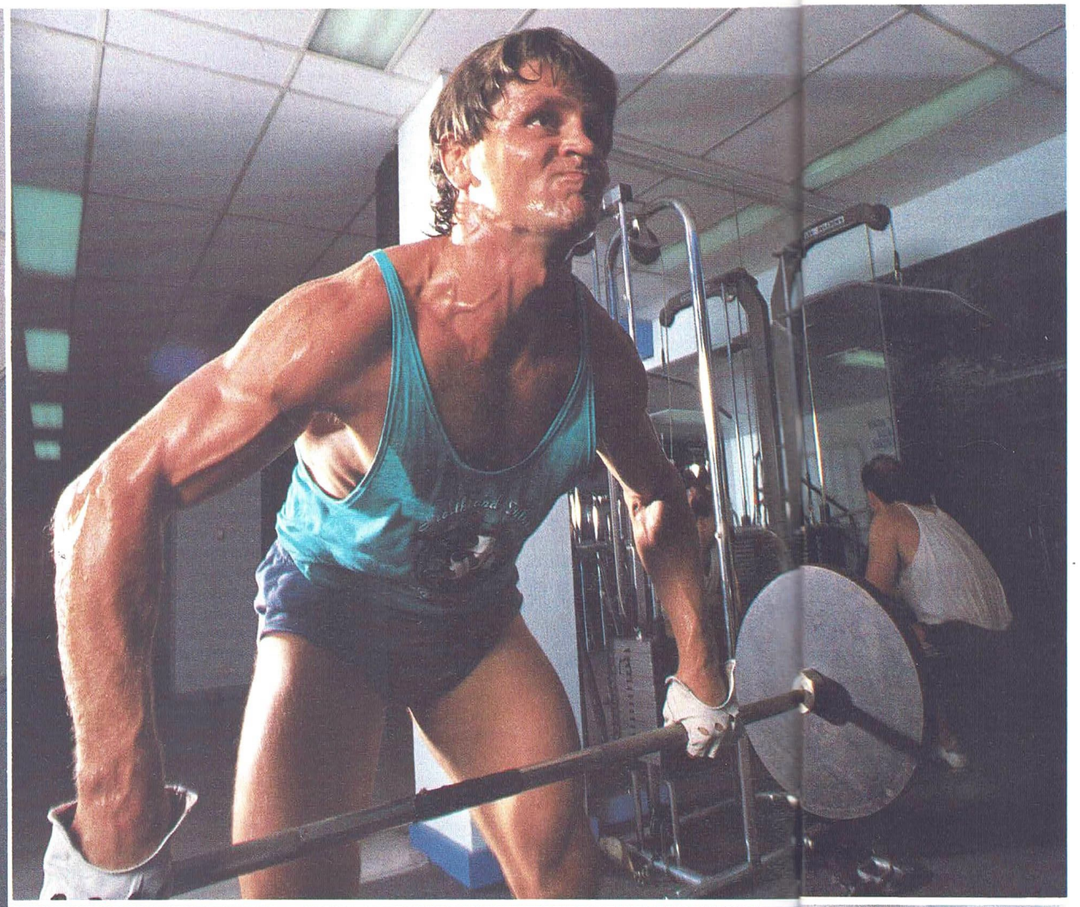
PORTRAIT

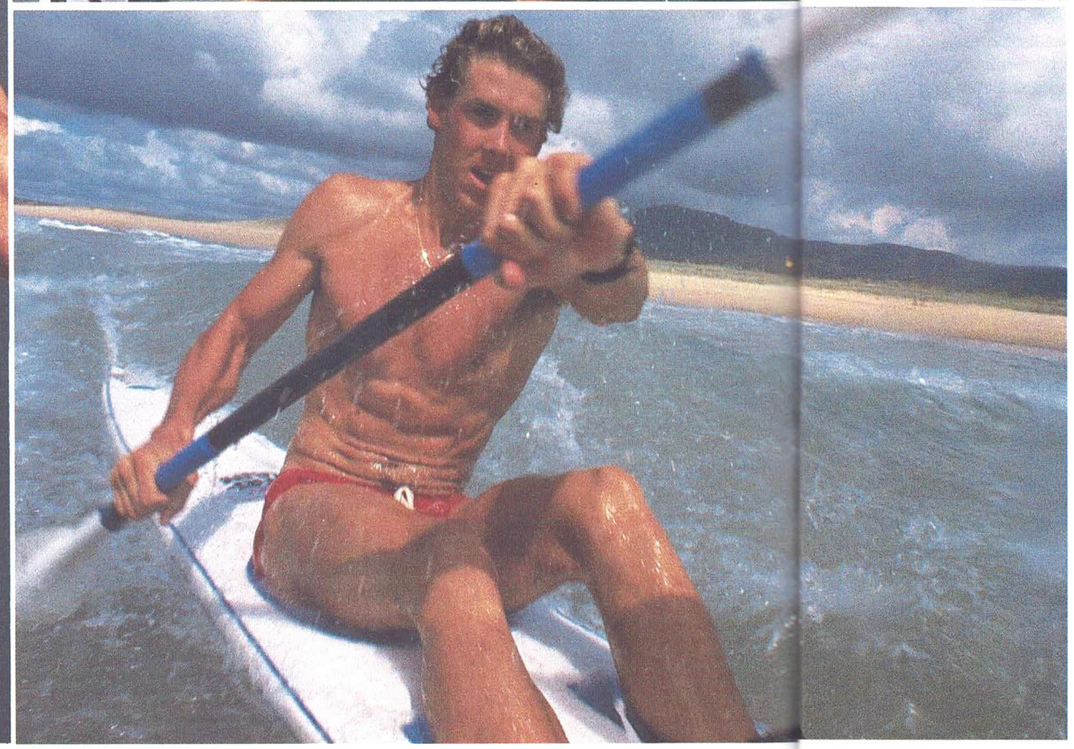
Dutch-born and bred Lola Anders admits that she enjoys drawing attention to herself and standing apart from a crowd. "I may be cautious, but I'm always full of surprises. I'm always trying to shake up people."

For the past three years, Lola has been studying photography. "My speciality is fashion," she says, "but my tastes are very eclectic." Lola counts Ansel Adams and Helmut Newton among her inspirations.









FIT TO PRESS

Champions Jeff Fenech, Darren Mercer and Wayne Pearce compare notes on ultrafitness and how to achieve it

BY GREG HUNTER

Jeff Fenech, Wayne Pearce and Darren Mercer are three of the fittest men in Australia. Each has reached the pinnacle of his sport — boxing, Rugby League and ironman respectively — and unquestionably these are among the most physically demanding of all sports. It is of course pointless to speculate on which of these athletes is the fittest; the requirements are different for different sports. But Fenech, Pearce and Mercer have one thing in common: they have all founded their sporting achievements not on innate ability but on sheer hard work. All are intensely motivated to win, and totally dedicated to the pursuit of physical and mental fitness as a means of achieving that goal.

Fenech, the three-time world titleholder and current WBC world featherweight champion, has never been a gifted boxer in the mould of an Ali or Leonard. His undefeated professional record is a consequence of the fact that he has achieved a level of stamina, inner strength and mental toughness comparable with and possibly superior to that of any other boxer. His trainer John Lewis, a man who has worked with numerous top-class athletes over many years, often refers to Fenech as "a freak."

A veteran of 18 Rugby League Test matches since his international debut in 1982, Pearce is renowned for his fanatical approach to training and diet. Not large by comparison with most League forwards, he has compensated by adopting a workaholic approach on and off the field. Pearce has been regarded by his peers and by football

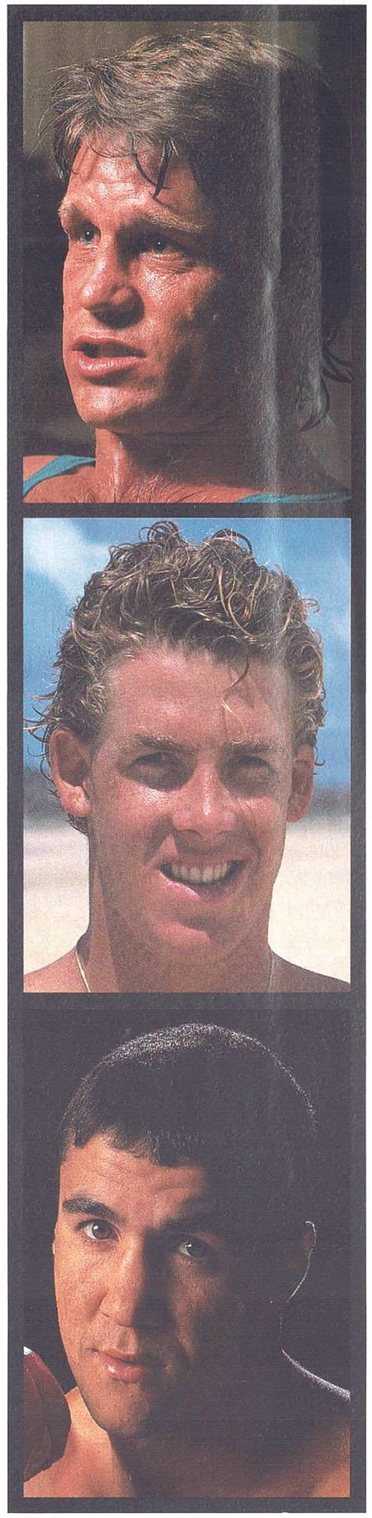
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO AND PETER MORRIS

FITNESS

administrators as something of an icon — undoubtedly the fittest and most dedicated player in what is probably the toughest weekly sporting competition staged anywhere in the world.

In January this year Mercer, winner of two consecutive national ironman grand prix titles, achieved an astonishing four-minute margin of victory in the most gruelling event on the ironman calendar — the 42-kilometre Nutri-Grain Gold. He'd won the same event in 1988. According to *Sydney Morning Herald* reporter Michael Cockerill, "Mercer was conducting television interviews less than a minute after crossing the finish line. There was no staggering through the tape, no collapsing in the sand, no swigging litres of water as he recovered from his exertions. After completing what is perhaps one of the most demanding sporting contests in the world, Mercer was barely out of breath."

What, then, can these three superathletes teach us about fitness and motivation? What commonality of background or philosophy would produce such extremes of dedication to excellence? *Penthouse* Senior Editor Greg Hunter rounded up the trio and conducted a "fitness forum" covering subjects such as training, diet, sports psychology, self-denial, drugs, inspiration, dedication, and the art of being a winner.



From the top: Wayne Pearce, the fittest footballer in the world's toughest competition; Darren Mercer, ironman supremo; Jeff Fenech, arguably the fittest boxer in history.

Penthouse: Let's start by establishing your basic training regimes. Apart from the sparring just prior to a fight, what do you do to maintain your fitness, Jeff?

Fenech: I get up every morning at 5.30, do a few light stretches and go for a run with a couple of mates. I'll do five kilometres in 16 or 16 and a half minutes. After that we'll do a little circuit of hill running — forwards, backwards, forwards, backwards — then a few laps of the oval, some sprints and 400s, and then some more stretching. The morning workout takes 45 minutes from the time I start the run. But the thing is, I do it really hard; I put everything I've got into it. It's not how much you train, but the way you train: it's got to be intense. It's the same in the afternoon when I go to the gym. I shadow spar for five [three-minute] rounds; then I punch the pads with John Lewis for five rounds; then three rounds on the floor-to-ceiling ball; then I go straight into ten minutes of fast skipping; then 120 sit-ups on the slant board with a medicine ball; then a couple of stretches and that's it. It's usually over in an hour, an hour and a half at the most. But in that time I never muck around at all; I'd get through as much energy in that hour as the average fighter would in three. I just never stop until it's done.

Mercer: I swim every morning for an hour and a half in summer, two hours in winter. I cover about six kilometres. Then I go home, have breakfast, and sleep for a couple of hours. When you get up at 5.30 you've got to have that sleep. Then I get up and do either a run or a board paddle for an hour. I have lunch, then another rest, and at 3 o'clock I go out and paddle the ski for an hour or an hour and a half, although I've been going longer distances lately. Then I go straight into whatever I missed in the morning — the run or the board paddle — for an hour and a half. Then I have a rub every night. Sometimes I'm so tired at that stage I don't even have a shower; I just crash on the bed with all the grease over me. It's the same every day when I'm in full-on training, which starts in August and goes right through to the end of the grand prix season in January. After that I ease down for the short course ironman events, which end in March, then sort of have April and May off — just a bit of swimming here and there. Then I slowly build up to the full-on stuff again.

Pearce: In football we work in cycles. At present [January] we're in pre-season mode, so we're doing three days a week as a team and I train every other day on my own. My program isn't an endurance thing like Darren's; it's more intense over a shorter period. I do a sit-up and stretching routine in the morning before breakfast for 15 minutes. At team training at the moment, 30 percent is ballwork and of the other 70 percent, half is sprint work and the other half is endurance — repetition hills, a lot of anaerobic work. On the other days I do three days of power weights and on the final day, some alternative like a run or a bike ride.

Penthouse: Can you explain what you mean by the term "anaerobic"?

Pearce: "Anaerobic" refers to running into an oxygen debt. You can only perform for a short period of time at that intensity. Anything which requires intense exertion involves using up more oxygen than you can take in. Football is a sport where you've got a lot of intense bursts — when you're running the ball up or making a series of tackles — so you're running into oxygen debt consistently. Therefore it's important to train that way so as to improve the efficiency with which your body can recover after oxygen debt.

Penthouse: So you and Jeff are training anaerobically a lot of the time because you're involved in explosive sports, while Darren's endurance training is aerobic?

Pearce: Yes, that's aerobic. But you've got to have an aerobic base before you can work anaerobically anyway.

Penthouse: What about "power weights"?

Pearce: That's where you're moving a reasonably heavy weight fairly quickly through its range of motion. Power is force per unit time, so what you're trying to do is exert a force in a quick period of time. Body builders don't necessarily work that way; they might do their weights slowly, whereas in football, particularly in the pre-season, you're trying to develop power, not just strength.

Penthouse: And not necessarily muscle bulk?

Pearce: No, you want to avoid putting on too much muscle because that's excess weight you've got to carry around the field. See, there are two ways you can improve your strength or power. One is by increasing the size and strength of the actual muscle fibres; the second way is to improve the pathway by which the nerves operate within those muscles. The second way is the best way to increase your strength and power without increasing muscle bulk too much. That's power weights.

Penthouse: Can we have a brief rundown on your dietary programs?

Fenech: I've got to watch my diet most of the time. Usually I eat a lot of steamed vegetables or boiled rice with a small amount of lean meat or seafood. Lots of fresh fruit. It's a low-fat diet, high in carbohydrates. Normally I eat three meals a day but I gradually get it down to one a day in the weeks before a fight. I never drink tea or coffee. In the first four years I never had a single drink — I was the perfect athlete — but now I occasionally have one or two with my mates.

Mercer: My diet's pretty relaxed compared with Jeff's. I can put on a couple of pounds here and there and it doesn't matter. I eat a lot of pasta, a lot of complex carbohydrates most of the time, and just your normal steaks, veges, some chips sometimes . . . I don't avoid fat because I'm burning it off so fast. I don't worry about the amount of protein I'm getting either; I just try to avoid eating too much shit food like hamburgers. Just before a big race I get as much carbohydrate in as I can, because once you've burned everything up you can draw on that for extra energy.

Pearce: I stick to a low-fat diet: low-fat dairy products, only lean meat, chicken without the skin, and fish to go with the vegetables. During the off-season, when I'm doing a fair bit of training, I keep up a much higher protein intake throughout the week. But during the season, I cut down my protein intake in the second half of the week and switch more into complex carbohydrates because of the need for a high energy level at the weekend.

Penthouse: Jeff has talked a lot about one aspect of his motivation — his commitment to and love of his trainer, John Lewis. Is there an equivalent relationship that has had an effect on your motivation as sportsmen?

Mercer: No. It's little things that go on around me that spur me on. If someone's said something or done something to me in the previous race, I just say to myself that I *can* do it, that I'm better than they say I am.

Pearce: I'm constantly sort of motivated by my father. He started me playing Rugby League when I was ten, and he died when I was 14. That's probably the thing that keeps on pushing me . . . During the middle of the season, when I've played a lot of games and I trot out there and think: "I'm not really prepared for this" — sometimes I'll sort of think back to that and it peps me up a bit.

Mercer: I've had the same swimming trainer since I was 14, and you do form a bond there. You don't have to say anything — he just knows there's something wrong, by the way you're acting, the way you've been swimming. It's the same with the family — everyone knows what's going on in your head.

Penthouse: What makes a guy like Wayne Pearce — and Jeff Fenech in the early days — decide that he's never going to touch alcohol in a country where drinking after a win, especially in football, is almost mandatory?

> Some people do think about pain. There have been some classic footballers who just didn't have what it takes.

Pearce: That goes back to my father. He was a heavy drinker and smoker, and as a young bloke I associated that with his death by a heart attack, so that just turned me off it. I just never ever took it up. Obviously you get peer pressure when you get to 16 or 17 — people saying you're a wimp if you don't drink — but I just said to myself that if I did drink it would be a weakness. I'd be giving in to those people. But now, nobody gives me any hassles over it.

Mercer: I had a bit of drink after the Nutri-Grain Gold — I enjoy a drink — but from the time the season starts, or a month before that, I stop and go right through the season without a drink. Guys come up to me and say: "I want to buy you a drink" and when I knock them back I feel good in myself, stronger than they are.

Penthouse: If you were compelled to name the fittest man in the world, who would you choose?

Pearce: You can't really say. Fitness is sport-specific. The fitness of a triathlete or ironman is different from the fitness of a boxer. Everyone thinks if you can run a marathon in the quickest time you're the fittest bloke in the world — but that bloke is only fit to run a marathon. In my opinion, though, the fittest guys would have to be the decathletes — Daley Thompson and those guys — because they're fit for so many sports.

Penthouse: Your type of fitness revolves around resilience more than anything?

Pearce: Yeah. It's a power sport, similar to boxing, and obviously it's about the ability to absorb punishment and come back.

Penthouse: There's no way you can measure that objectively?

Pearce: You can measure some components of it on machines, but you can't measure it as a whole. Fitness in all sports is tied in mentally as well. All you can measure on a machine is some aspects of the physical part of it. You could put Jeff on a treadmill and measure his VO_2 Max [maximum oxygen consumption], but that doesn't take into account the ability he's got to absorb punishment.

Penthouse: What's your attitude to pain when you're training?

Mercer: I think it's good to be able to get to that point of extreme pain and hold it for as long as you can. If you're working inside the pain barrier, then obviously when you're in a race and you feel it coming on you can go through it better than the others.

Penthouse: What about the pain involved in the event itself — do any of you consider yourselves to be masochistic by nature?

Fenech: My attitude is that you don't really feel pain, if you're mentally right, until afterwards when you cool down. I've had a broken hand since I fought Victor Callejas, and I sort of feel pain in a fight but I'm mentally prepared for it. If I started feeling the pain in Round 1 and I thought about it, I obviously wouldn't get through the fight. So I just have to switch off or my mind's not on the job, and maybe one punch and it's over. Same with Wayne — if he's thinking about his sore shoulder he might let one bloke slip through and cost his team the game.

Penthouse: Do you make a conscious decision not to feel that pain?

Fenech: No, you don't make a decision. It's in your make-up. Some people do think about pain. There have been some great footballers who just didn't have what it takes. I think a classic example is [*name deleted for legal reasons*] — one of the most gifted footballers ever, but I think when it comes to the crunch he just hasn't got what Wayne's got. Wayne mightn't have what he has in sheer brilliance, but the fact is Wayne Pearce is

Continued on page 102

Sex with a computer-generated woman is all a matter of pushing the right buttons

TECHNOSEX

Technosex is hard to define. Is it something you do to a machine? Or is it something a machine does to you? Is it wild and fast? Or is it something which lifts you gently?

A complete history of technosex might start with the spanking machines of the 1800s, move on up to the dance floor strobes of adolescence, bloom with today's telephone sex and computer-chip-controlled vibrators, and spiral upwards to imagination-controlled, X-rated "feelies" of next century.

In this context, history would no doubt be kind and rate Eighties technosex with the same kind of reverence as the Renaissance because, in the Eighties, computer sex was taken from the bedroom and gently placed on the keyboard.

Sex used to come in just two flavors — alone or with someone. But today's computer sex is different. It is not the technology-assisted titillation of misspent youth. No, today inanimate computers stand in front of you and ask for a handjob.

TOP DRAWER

The newest and most pornographic level of computer sex is "interactive", where the computer operator participates in the action. The interaction is either with your computer (so you can do it at home on your own) or between yours and someone else's computer (so you can *still* do it at home on your own).

Let's take the second one first.

If you possess a modem and some special software, you can dial up over a telephone line, connect up to someone else's computer, and get your computer to communicate with it. Begin dialogue.

A few years ago the manufacturers in America

BY CHARLES McKEAN

IMAGE BY GRAEME WHITTLE/ARTSCAPE

decided this kind of electronic telephone exchange for computers could be set up. This network would enable computer users to communicate with each other, in one place and with one phone call. Understanding our obsession with sex, the designers went further and created a private channel on the network which could be used as a kind of electronic hotel. This facility allows you and me, using our home computers, to check in, be shown to a private room, and partake in the biggest orgy of all time.

The computer provider is Compuserve, and the scenario is this:

First, I log into Compuserve and request to be transferred to the "Adult Action" area. Then I assume an imaginary identity and bang away at the keyboard while my imaginary character bangs away at some other imaginary character which, in turn, is being guided by nimble fingers on the other side of the continent.

The cost of playing is a function of time; like so many other things in life, the longer I play, the more it costs. Some users have been known to clock up over $1000 worth of charges in a month, so this is not the cheapest fuck in town.

There are two problems with this type of computer sex. First, you don't get to see your partners, and second, most of the population can't type (at the best of times) let alone try to type dirty over the keyboard.

Be that as it may, more than 200 people play Compuserve each night. It didn't turn my software into hardware, but it is the ultimate in safe sex.

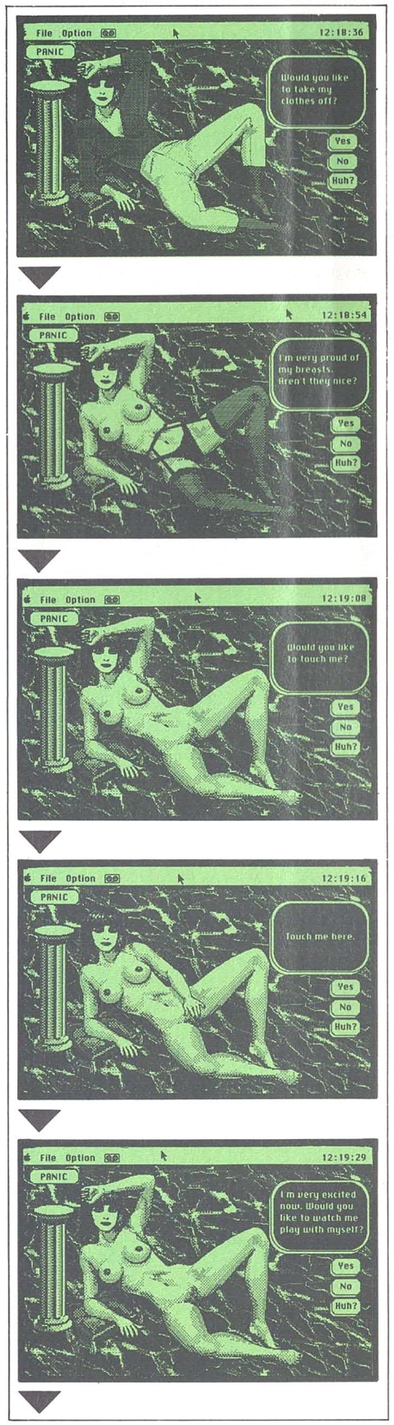
Also in America is a telephone sex service aptly named "dial-a-porn." This service offers explicit messages and, as such, is true aural sex. Use of the system is unrestricted and some children have added hundreds of dollars to their parents' telephone accounts. Pacific Bell, the telephone company, is trying to get the numbers disconnected — or at least make the users prove they are over 18 before services will be provided.

Pacific Bell spokesman Jim Herold says that by limiting the service to adult subscribers a balance can be struck "between consumer protection and consumer opportunity."

GETTING STUCK INTO IT

Interactivity with your own computer is a completely different ballgame. Here you can see what the sex partner looks like; you can guide your partner to perform various acts; and you can *hear* your partner moan, screech and grunt, via computer voice box.

The first interactive, sexually explicit computer game was MacPlaymate which, with its lifelike graphics and enticing ways, appeared at a Los Angeles computer show in 1987. This program runs on the Apple Macintosh and is regarded with the same reverence by some computer buffs as Space Invaders is by the arcade players.



An Apple Macintosh, a mouse and Maxie — the new generation of interactive erotica.

MacPlaymate's heroine is Maxie, who begins by enticing the operator into undressing her.

Maxie isn't shy about coming forward and begins a session by asking, "Do you think I'm attractive?"

I use the computer's mouse to answer "yes", and am led on.

"Would you like me to take my clothes off? That's good, now take off my slacks . . . Good, you can take off my panties . . . Now the bra . . . Would you like to touch me?"

Would I like to touch her? What sort of question is that? I click the mouse and continue.

"Touch me here," Maxie beckons as she gently manipulates her now exposed pussy.

I move the mouse across the screen and click it on the correct spot. Maxie moans softly.

"That's nice, don't stop now." Stopping? No way.

"Now rub my nipples." This time I move the mouse to her breasts and I start clicking on her nipples. That does the trick! Maxie's breasts start heaving, she opens her legs, lifts her hips upwards, and gently whispers, "I'm very excited. Would you like to watch me play with myself?"

Maxie then masturbates for me (I can ask her to do it any one of six ways); she allows me to gag and handcuff her; I dress her (in bondage or fetish gear); she goes down on Lola (who also has a change of clothes); and she even has a quick session with Marvin.

Using the mouse, I can place various dildos, vibrators, creams and anal pulsators into her every orifice. With Maxie moaning "Oh, ooh, ooh, oh yeah", and me clicking the mouse like crazy, the experience can best be described as "user friendly."

Frank Brooks, the president of a Connecticut-based software house, describes MacPlaymate as "probably the most pirated program in the world."

Since Maxie's debut, a rash of other interactive games have hit the streets. These include the products of a California software company, Digital Deviations, with their recently released "SmutSTAK", "The Carnal Knowledge Navigator", and "The Sounds of Susan." Each of these new generation offerings makes Maxie look mild.

Already interactive computer sex has touched a few raw nerves — particularly feminist nerves — with MacPlaymate being described as "MacRape" by some Los Angeles advertising executives. Maxie hit a raw nerve with me, too. I still haven't been able to crack the hidden sequence to make her come.

OZ-PORN

While America's technosex industry sizzles, Australia is gearing up to follow the lead. Artscape, based in Manly in Sydney, designs and sells "Hot Disks" for Australia's Amiga computer users.

Hot Disks (costing $20 each) are a collection of electronic pinups, stories, pornographic jigsaws, erotic number puzzles and games. Graeme Whittle, Artscape's managing director and main software designer, describes his games as "digicomics" and says, "When it comes down to it, these [games] are much better than TV." Some of Graeme's computer images (originally, they are Artscape-commissioned photographs) take up to 30 hours to create.

He and his partner Lai Tjiyan produce and distribute Hot Disks bi-monthly. Lai states, "Artscape only produces the best quality product," and with pictures such as "Lovers", "Poolside" and "Fanny Gingerbread" it's possible to see how they justify this claim. Most Hot Disks include Forum-style erotic letters with titles such as "Stick of Joy" and "Hardware On The Road."

Another ballgame is Bulletin Board computer sex, similar to Compuserve, now also available in Australia. Bulletin Boards allow the home PC user to access the ever-evolving databases of the big computing names. The principle is known as "shareware" — co-operatives of buffs who contribute their own software designs to a shared pool for anyone else to grab for their own. Like Compuserve, this is done by a modem, which links computers via telephone lines. Ring the number of a particular Bulletin Board, log on, and a menu of the latest fiddlings appears — a menu which might include some of the latest games or programming tricks, but which increasingly sports a decidedly "blue" flavor. The meter starts running — the cost might be as much as $80 an hour, but the program can be extracted and put on to a disk of your own for hours of fun. There are at least four Boards with racy sex images ranging from mild calendar girls through to explicit animal acts. (Most of the images have been digitised from overseas hard core magazines.)

Greg Barnados, a regular Bulletin Board user (for other reasons), is concerned about the public accessibility to these images, reminding us that "seven and eight-year-olds can get access to the pictures without too much trouble." Still, it might be safer for these kids to watch men and women wildly screwing than for them to be using the system to learn the art of credit card fraud.

The boards have a range of games which are, generally, more fantasy-based than other interactive erotica. For instance, "Leisure Suit Land" is set in the land of the lounge lizard and the object is, specifically, to get laid. "Sex Vixens From Outer Space" has me playing Brad Thruster, cruising the galaxy trying to pop the Vixen's virginity before she gets my balls.

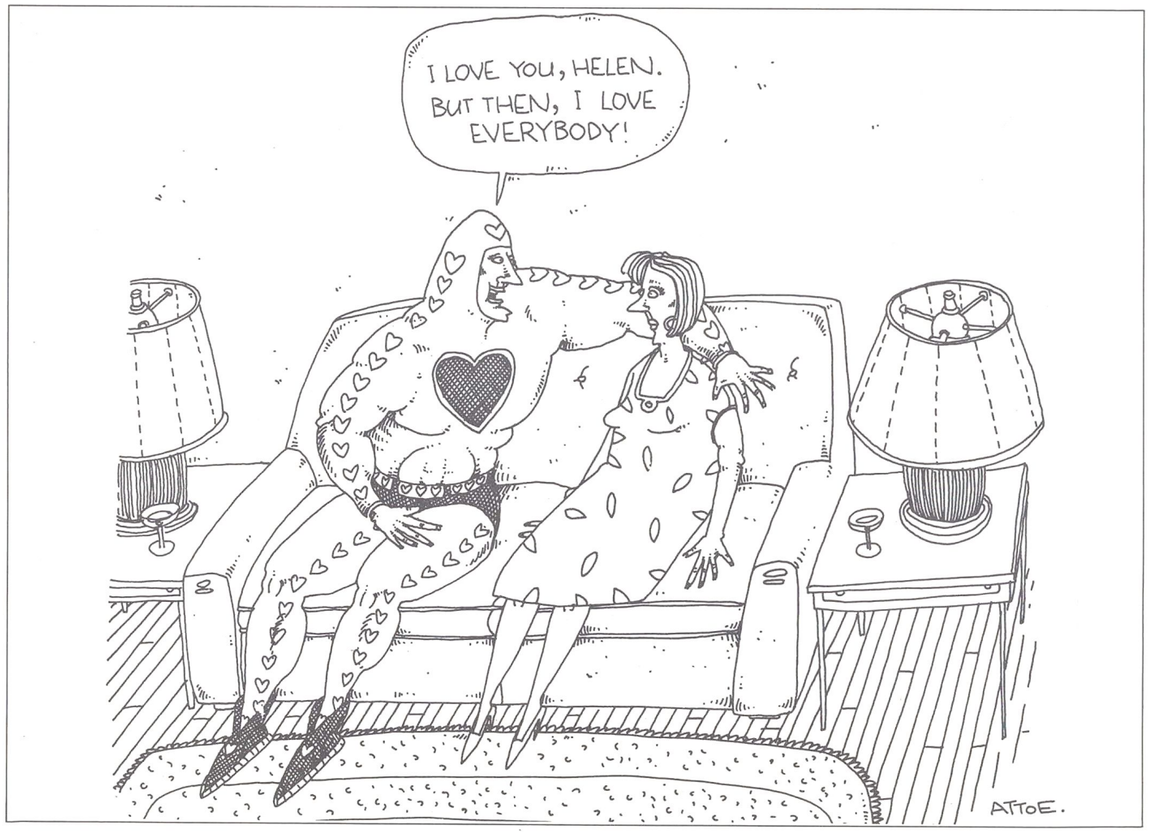
THE FUTURE

Computer sex, in its current state, means four things to me. First, it has never lifted me to euphoric heights; second, it is more expensive than other erotic pleasures; third, it has more to do with the imagination than with the practicality (or eventuality) of sex itself; and finally, it doesn't leave my hands free for anything else . . .

The next generation of computer sex will be different: the images will be of *very* high resolution; the actions performed will be *more* adventurous; and "fourth generation" software will allow the computer to "learn" from previous games, and maybe provide the kind of sex I prefer.

Current laser technology advances suggest that, not far in the future, Maxie could be holographically projected into the room, or on to my lap.

Enter the era of the *real* feelies. But for the moment, no matter how I try to turn software into hardware, and no matter how the floppy disk is inserted, the machine still doesn't go down on me.



For any young fellow the idea of moving out of the family home and into what I believe is termed "a pad of one's own" is truly the cat's pyjamas. Boys will be boys and independent digs spell the chance to run with the fast crowd, stay up late, drink beer and pitch woo to young ladies. But alas, with this new-found freedom also comes the responsibility of cooking, cleaning, washing and managing the household budget. It is here that I offer my services. In my latter years, especially since my good husband passed on, I have taken a great deal of time and pleasure in studying many a young man's lot. Don't think of me as a little old lady, but rather as someone who is more than happy to lend an experienced hand where a bachelor needs it most.
Happy housework,

Aunt Matilda

CLIP AND SAVE

Many is the bachelor whose carpet is littered with sharp and unsightly toenail clippings. Save on time, mess and money by always clipping your nails into the foot of an old stocking. After three or four clips-worth the stocking may be used as a handy pot scourer.

TIMESAVING TREAT

Want to save on housework time and give yourself a gourmet treat to boot? Why not do the cooking and washing at the same time by placing whole eggs (in shell) into the toes of your socks and inside your gym gear before washing them on hot wash/gentle cycle? While you watch the football your clothes will be washed *and* you can look forward to a meal of coddled eggs infused with an earthy flavor reminiscent of truffles.

RECYCLING TIP

Given their considerable expense, it seems a crying shame to discard condoms after just one wear. Why not pin them around the mantelpiece, where they make durable and decorative receptacles for odds and ends and small gifts at Christmas?

DEALING WITH HOUSEHOLD PETS

How many times have you swatted at a cockroach only to see it scuttle away injured and dragging gooey entrails across your bench? The following is the most efficient method of dispatching these pesky critters. Grasp cockroach firmly by the tail with the head away from you, underside down. Firmly push the point of a sharp kitchen knife between its head section and its body, thus severing the spinal cord. Though it may continue to wriggle for a few moments, this is the most humane method of killing cockroaches.

UNEXPECTED GUESTS

When guests drop by uninvited, why not go to the pub?

TELLY ON THE BLINK?

If your television reception is poor or your set isn't working at all, why not go to the pub?

THAWING AND REHEATING FOOD

Cold casseroles and stews are a potential breeding ground for bacteria if they are not treated carefully. Reheating them slowly can encourage the growth of germs which can spoil the food and maybe even cause sickness. Why risk it when you can eat at the pub?

SPRING CLEANING

The overwhelming chore of spring cleaning your flat until it verily sparkles can be achieved in just one day — from your bed! To accomplish this simply buy a pair of the cutest shortie pyjamas you can find. Then, using a mirror, practise sad, mawkish expressions and tousle your hair. Choose a serious but non-contagious illness and then phone a particularly maternal girlfriend and tell her you have it. The resulting visit will see your flat cleaned, your meals cooked and your more intimate needs attended to — all while you lie back looking irresistibly peaky and pathetic.

If it's good advice you're wanting, this old dame's full of it

Aunt Matilda's Handy Hints For Bachelors

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIMON BOSCH

Handy Hints

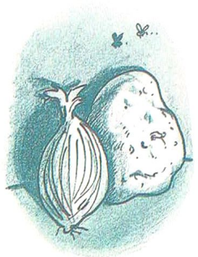
DON'T THROW IT AWAY
Bottles and aluminium cans aside, no rubbish collects faster around a bachelor's pad than plastic carry bags and used Kleenex. Why not place the Kleenex *in* the carry bags, knot the handle tops and distribute around the flat as comfy scatter cushions?

EAT AND RUN SPUDS

Too much to do and no energy to do it? The carbohydrate and fibre content of the humble spud has been much celebrated in recent years but few young, on-the-go guys have the time to wash and peel potatoes, let alone wait around while they cook. Here's how to enjoy the benefits of spuds and give your energy levels a welcome boost in less than a minute. In a bowl place half a cup of dry Deb instant mashed potato. Mash dry flakes with a fork and combine well with a generous pinch or two of *good* speed. Snort.

MOVE THE DISHES FIRST
Banish the depressing sight of mildewed tiles, hair-clogged plughole and a filthy toilet bowl by simply barricading your bathroom door and performing all your ablutions at the kitchen sink!

EASY INDOOR PLANTS



If you're like most bachelors your thumb is anything but green. Indoor plants just die on you, am I right? Hydroponics — the art of cultivating plants without soil — may be the answer. For a no-maintenance hydroponic garden that will have your friends gasping at its frenzy of vivid purples and greens and its heady perfume, simply sit tight until people call by. When all guests have assembled direct them to the cupboard in which you store your potatoes and onions.

JUST IN CASE
Smart bachelors well know the value of always keeping a fire extinguisher close at hand. One never knows when one is going to run out of shaving foam.

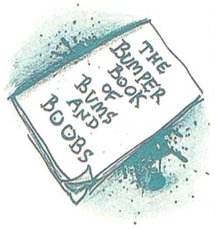
INVALID COOKERY

For generations our wise Jewish friends have been aware of the benefits of creamed soups for a variety of illnesses. They'll swear by the home-made varieties, of course, but why put yourself to all that fuss when there are so many good tinned brands now available that will do the job just as well, if not better? Keep a few on hand — chicken and vegetable are particularly good — then when needed for illness simply open a can, heat contents until steaming and throw on the floor. It will look just like you've been sick.

DINNER IN A JIFFY
How often does the strapped-for-cash bachelor open his kitchen cupboard only to find plenty of herbs and spices but nothing to put them on? A delicious meal can be had by simply combining basil, oregano, dried mint and any other herbs you have to hand. Place herbs on pre-cut Alfoil, roll into stick shapes and sell to strangers in nightclubs for $20 each. The money earned will buy a sumptuous restaurant meal.

TWO MEALS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE? EASY!
Ever noticed how when you've finished a pizza the box still smells deliciously spicy and that an oily, cheesy residue remains on the cardboard? Make two Italian meals for the price of one by cutting up the pizza box and placing it in a saucepan with two litres of water. Bring to boil and simmer two hours. The resulting broth is said to be richly redolent of the back streets of Naples.

NO MORE STAINS



Is your carpet marked with cigarette burns and unsightly stains from red wine and bong water — stains that simply *won't* budge no matter how long you sit looking at them? As easy as it may seem, the solution to this problem is only as far away as the next room. Make a mental note of the size and shape of the stains, then go to your bedroom and move your bed two metres to the left or right. From the girlie magazines, odd socks, old panties and assorted junk revealed, select items of the approximate dimensions of the carpet marks. Remove and place where applicable in the next room. Stains will no longer be visible.

BE PREPARED

Thoughtful bachelors should keep a box of tampons in the bathroom cabinet just in case they're needed when lady friends come over. Inserted soon after intercourse, they make excellent earplugs if she wants to talk and you want to sleep.

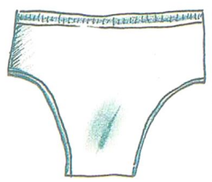
DON'T GET BURNED
It's a wise idea to keep your dirty laundry in a garbage bag or basket in the kitchen. Soiled socks and briefs double as oven mitts when removing hot items from the oven.

BYE-BYE TO BATHROOM EMBARRASSMENT

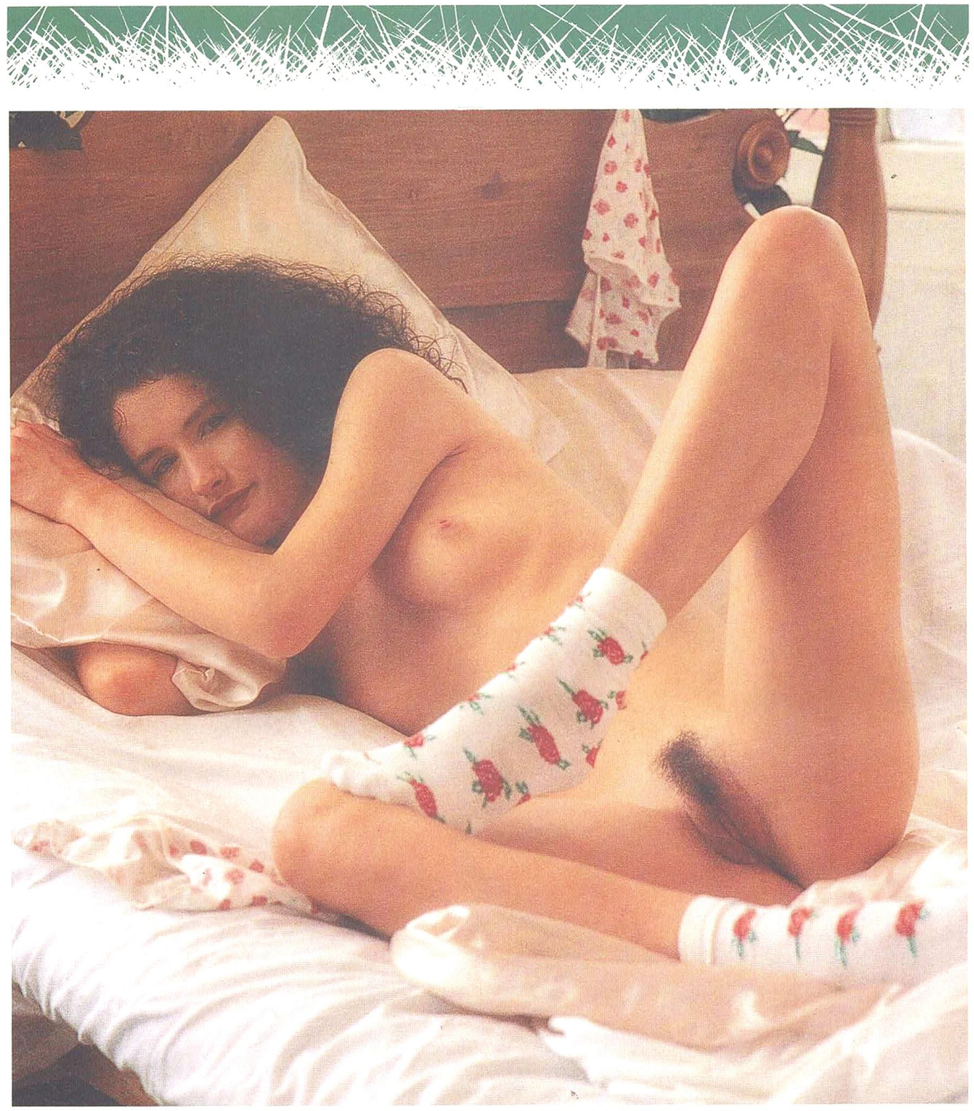
Red-faced about floaters that refuse to disappear no matter how often you flush? Save water and annoyance by carefully removing the stubborn stool with tongs. Transfer to food processor and blend with a breakfast cupful of liquid. Turd should now flush easily.

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
Nobody, but nobody, enjoys the smell of spoiled seafood. Rid your apartment of such odors quickly and inexpensively by filling a bucket of water and adding a handful of Condy's crystals, a cup of household bleach and some liquid sugar soap. Stir well with the handle of a wooden spoon, place in a central position and invite your woman friend to sit on it. Whether she complies or walks out the door, smell will vanish in minutes.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN



Once in a while, usually after spicy food and ale, every bachelor pays an accidental penalty for reckless flatulence. No-one needs telling that the results are just too embarrassing to pop into the bagwash to be seen and remarked upon by the girl at the laundromat. The age-old and deceptively simple method of removing skidmarks and rendering underwear fresh and good as new involves about a metre of brown paper and a length of ordinary household string. Allow soiled garments to collect until you have a pile of five or six. Place brown paper on a flat surface. Place underpants on paper. Wrap tightly and bind with string. Deliver package to your mother.



Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Legwarmers and floral apparel by Risk; T-shirt by Impact Imprints; Robe by Mildred Rose; Bed from Country Trader, Paddington.

VANESSA

FLOWERCHILD

When a leading Sydney model branches out into the world of nude photography, there are inevitable questions. But when that model is 18-year-old Vanessa Walton, of Sydney, those questions are handled with a charming ease. There were no problems for Vanessa. "When you've spent 12 years of your life growing up on a Nimbin commune, you develop open views on life. And you get used to nudity. I think it depends a lot on a person's background."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

Vanessa's "look" in the world of fashion modelling is that of the English rose, a soft, romantic feel — a look very much in demand. Combined with her natural elegance, and her happy and carefree nature, Vanessa is hot property.

"Things seem to be swinging back to the flower era," says Vanessa. "There seems to be a desire for an escape route in a lot of people — that whole Utopian ideal. When you've grown up in that environment, you can see the sense of it. But of course, there's no more free love."

Vanessa's naturalness in a world so often characterised by pretence refreshes all those who have the pleasure of meeting her — probably because modelling is not *everything* to her. "I have very broad tastes and interests. I love country life and really look forward to getting back down on the farm to be with my horses. *That* is my favorite pastime."

Vanessa's unconventionality carries over to her taste in men — or rather, man. "Tall men with lots of confidence," she says, "who don't mind being different."

GOTHAM AND GOMORRAH

AIDS shall not weary the determined New York sleaze seeker, nor the queers condemn

"If God doesn't rain fire down on this place someday, then He's got some apologies to make to Sodom and Gomorrah."

We had just taken The Tour, my lovely young date and I, hitting a half dozen Times Square sex venues within a couple of hours. Kerry had said she wanted to see if there was any true decadence left in the City. She had managed to keep her chin up and her dinner down in facing the best (and worst) New York had to offer, but now that it was over she was making Biblical allusions about the Apocalypse. Times Square can do that to you.

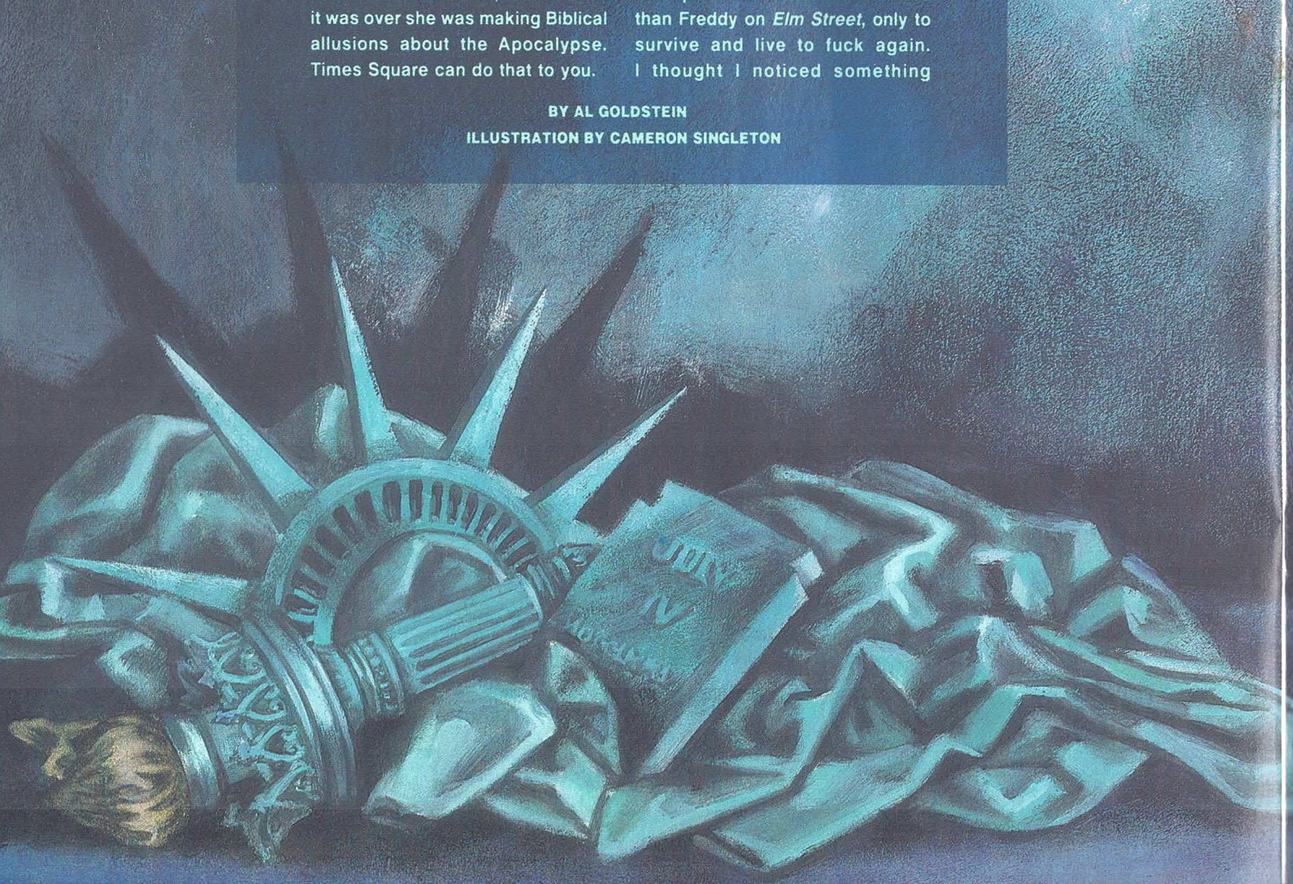
Fist-fucking live onstage. All orifices. A trio of pre-op transsexuals ("chicks with dicks") in a pathetic *menage a trois*. A topless shoeshine parlor. A man licking the anonymous come off the walls of a peepshow booth. Another man pleading to be pissed upon. All within the space of two hours.

"We have to hurry," I told Kerry. "I've got more things to show you downtown."

The New York Sex Scene. It has been pronounced dead more times than Freddy on *Elm Street*, only to survive and live to fuck again. I thought I noticed something

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON



GOTHAM AND GOMORRAH

different, recently, though — a feverish intensity, a blank-eyed willingness to kick out the jams, let out the stops, damn the consequences. It had the flavor of that charming medieval tradition, the Feast in the Midst of the Plague. Cruising the Scene in Times Square and downtown, I caught a whiff of the same Apocalypse that Kerry did. We both felt like we were witnessing the last days of New York.

There are a couple of hard reasons for this. The biggest, of course, is the reality which hangs over this city like a cloud: the reality of AIDS. Even though most of the scenes I witnessed were determinedly heterosexual, some of the panic has slopped over from the gay community and lent a strident air to the proceedings. There was a heavy-lidded expression on all the faces here, vintage Weimar Republic. And even though the virus has not made any inroads into the non-drug-taking, straight population, you could sense the uneasiness abroad. *Every fuck might be my last, so I better make it good.*

The other reason for the carnival atmosphere is much more immediate. The real estate interests which are carving up New York have finally gotten around to what used to be called "The Crossroads of the World." The Times Square Redevelopment Corporation is a huge developer's boondoggle, a corrupt giveaway of some of the most valuable land in New York. The administration of Mayor Ed Koch has used sexual guilt very effectively: *See what a sinful place Times Square is?* Koch asks, pointing to the Triple-X theatres with an evangelic flourish. *We must rid the City of this sinfulness, and my friends the real estate bully-boys are just the ones to do it.*

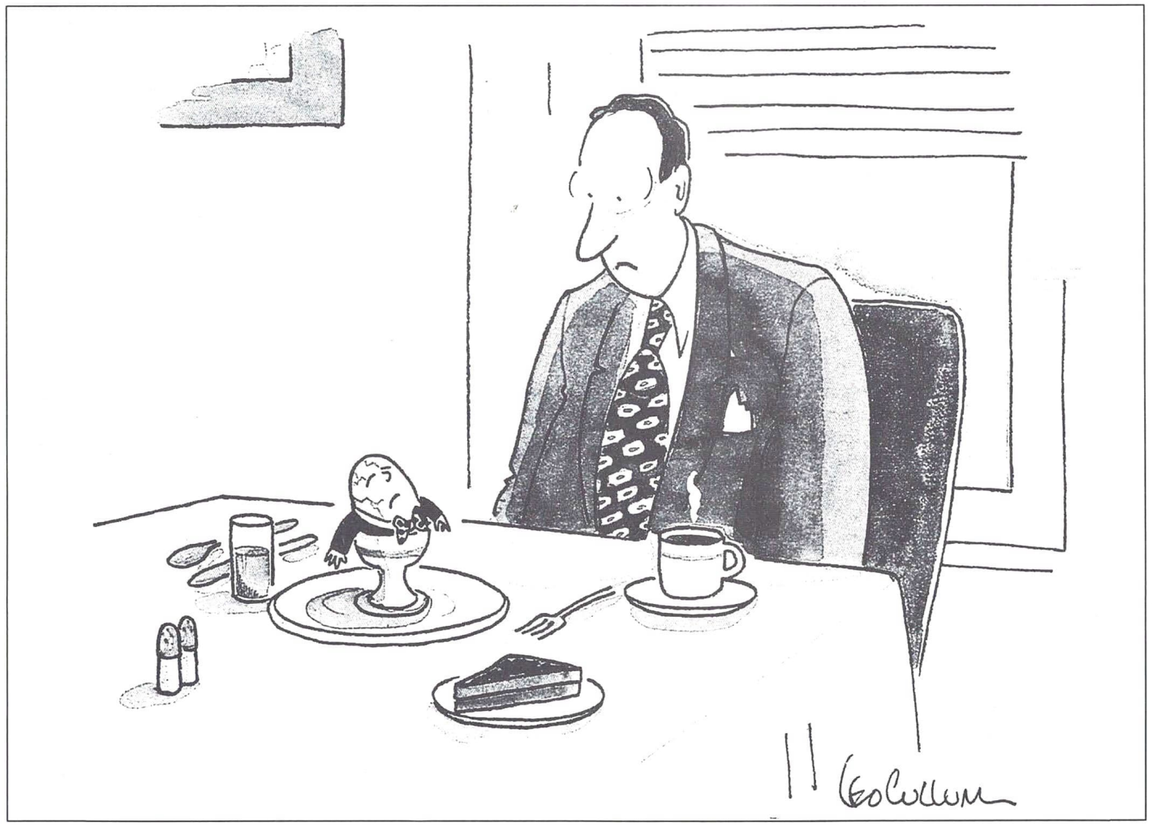
Of course, Koch doesn't come right out and say that on a conscious level, but the subliminal messages are there. Times Square today is an electric, street-heavy buzz of anarchy — straight up, no chaser. The Times Square of tomorrow — after the developers (the Kennedy family among them) get through with it — will be a sterile, inhuman place of concrete and steel. The Edifice Complex strikes again.

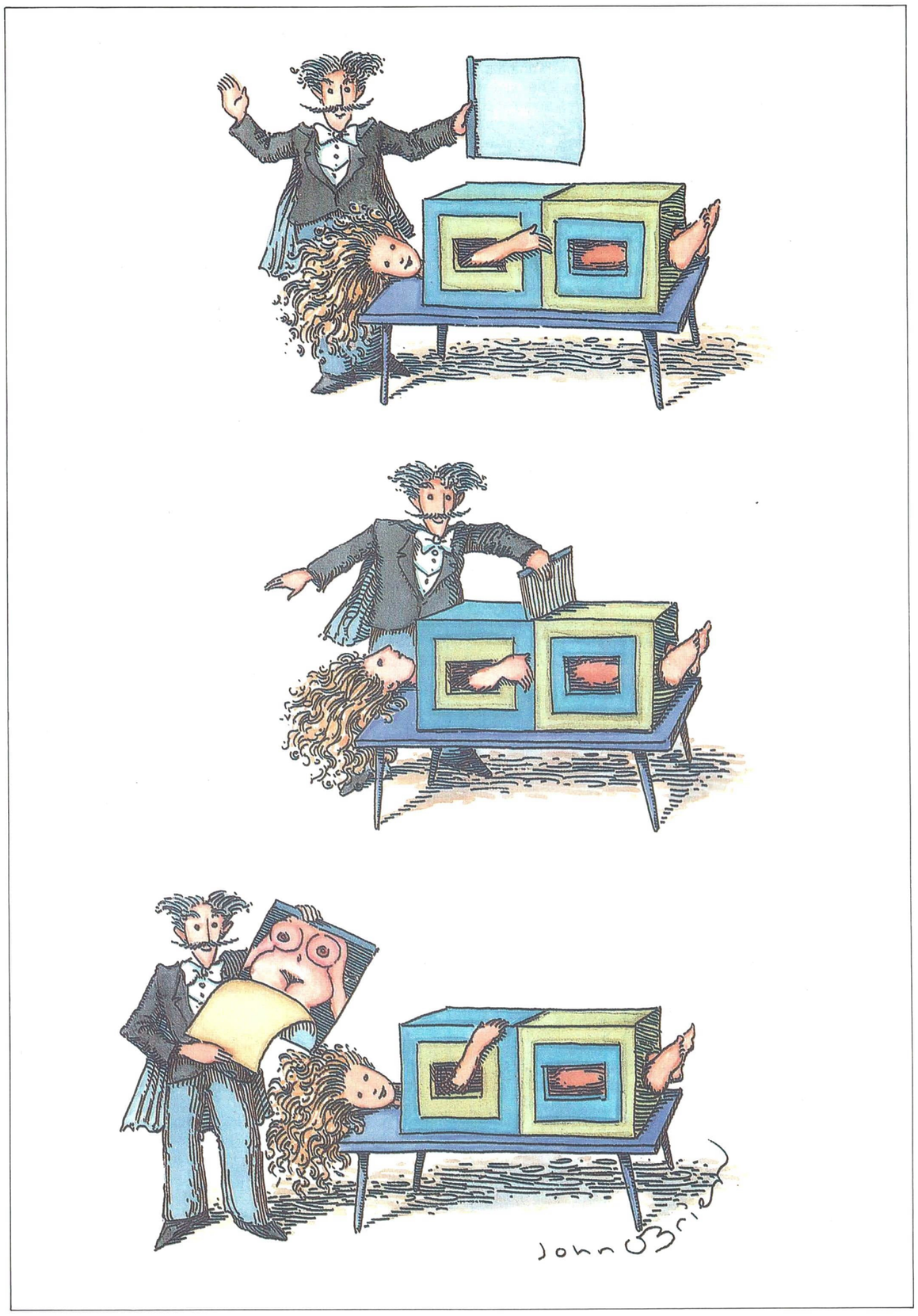
After my night-time jaunt with Kerry, I resolved to go back again for a real tour, a single man's tour, hitting the whole spectrum, every dive from the glitziest sex-show emporium to the lowliest dry-hustle sucker bin. I felt like an archaeologist with the waters from the Aswan Dam closing in. I knew the Scene would pop up elsewhere if it were killed here. But I also knew it would never be quite the same again.

The logical place to start any sex tour of New York is at 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue, at the huge Show World Centre. The McDonalds of sex, Show World is a sprawling, bleach-cleaned labyrinth of booths, theatres and shops. Splattered, plexiglass partitions separate the girls from all contact with the customers. Morose mop-and-pail boys make the rounds, sopping up random genetic material spilled on the floor of the booths. Downstairs, there is a special stage devoted to pre-op transsexuals: some of them are stunning-looking Puerto Ricans with gorgeous, thigh-high legs. The fantasy only ends when you reach their crotches and see their pathetic, hormone-shrivelled dicks.

Show World is actually a little too clean for me, although there is room for sexual guilt even here. Since all the booths operate via special Show World tokens, any leftovers are evidence as to where hubby spent his after-work leisure time. Thus the johns who leave Show World used to toss their leftover tokens on to the subway tracks. Ghetto kids used to make chump change by cashing the tokens in, until Show World put a stop to that practice.

I cruise down "The Deuce," as 42nd Street is called in street lingo. The movie theatres have all converted to video long ago, with miniscule screens and bleary pictures. I am seized with nostalgia for the days of *Deep Throat* and *The Devil In Miss Jones*, when lines stretched round





the block — until both movies were busted. I am nostalgic even for the days of the nude volleyball pic, when Times Square seemed to boast a whole population of sports fanatics, relishing a chance to see some heavy net action. In those days, travelogues of nudist camps were the only way around the censors.

A little further down The Deuce is Peepland, another sex emporium. This one is the only place left in Times Square which features open windows: for a modest tip, you can grab a handful of anonymous tit. I can't believe my luck — there's a beautiful tight-skinned blonde on display who strolls up to my window with her hand out. I feverishly hand her a crumpled bill and she thrusts her slit up against the opening. The booth fills with a heady aroma. She moves her tits back into view, and I grab a nipple, feeling it harden beneath my touch. "What's a nice girl like you . . ." I begin, but the window comes down on my lame line, and on my arm. By the time I get another token out, she has moved on to another window, another hand.

There are ghosts of old sex shops throughout Times Square, and as I continue down 42nd Street I recall the weird strategies used to avoid police hassles over the years. In the beginning, there was massage parlor after massage parlor along Eighth Avenue near 42nd Street. Police pressure closed them down, so they sprouted up in different configurations. The topless shoeshine parlor is still here, on the second floor of a faded office building. I remember the "tanning salon" craze, when the hostess and the john were supposed to take a few blasts of ultraviolet before they got to business.

The latest incarnation of the vice-squad sidestep is the Korean health spa. Fuelled by the incredible influx of Asian immigrants in need of ready cash, the Korean spa began as a way to service waiters from Chinatown. But with the massage parlors closed down, there was a huge untapped white clientele, also, and the spas soon transformed themselves into booming whorehouses. Most of them are now located away from Times Square and the police heat it generates, so I take a taxi to 31st Street and one of my favorites, the legendary Ginza Gold Club.

"Ah, Missah Gourdstein . . . you wanna peep?" the white-robed hostess greets me. Already there is a girl at my feet, taking off my shoes. My kind of place. I am led into a back foyer, where there is indeed a sliding panel and a peephole into a room. In the dim light, I see an anonymous schmo being oiled up by a flat-chested, pretty Korean whore. "Thank you, thank you," I tell the mamasan. It's a tradition with us: I don't know if it is offered to other customers, but I found out about it while I was doing an article and have been escorted there ever since. Not that I'm much of a voyeur — but it's nice to know it's available.

A half-hour later, after an incredibly luxurious exercise in prick-teasing called "the prone body shampoo," I am negotiating with "Sherry," a stunning new Filipino girl with nice-sized tits and incredibly expert hands. Her shiatsu was actually effective, unlike the clumsy rubdowns I usually get in these places. She didn't want to fuck me. "Too big," she kept repeating, gratifying my ego but denying the reality. I finally convinced her, and she mimed tiny squeals of pain as I entered her. Was it an act? Did she say this to all the boys? I didn't want to ask — the whole charade was too effective.

A Korean spa is a relatively cheap ($100-$150) way to get rid of your tensions, sexual and otherwise, but it didn't really qualify as part of the disappearing sex scene. They were going to be here for a long, long time.

The next place I visited, though, was much more of a dinosaur. Le Trapeze is a swing club, one of the last in the city which features on-premises swinging, ie you can get laid there. As such, it is the only vestige of a huge movement which had its heyday almost two decades back, at the dawn of the Seventies, with the advent of Plato's Retreat. Plato's was amazing, a phantasmagoria of group gropes, random orgies and quick public fucks.

Le Trapeze is "couples only," but since I was on a journalistic exercise and knew the owner, I was allowed in as an observer. There was not all that much to observe. There was a latter-day desperation to the action, all right, but it seemed exhausted, surreal. A long-nippled blonde was getting ploughed by her black "partner," while several meeker couples gathered to watch. The stud had her bent like a pretzel, and pretty soon a rather dumpy, frayed redhead joined the action, licking his bone as it slid in and out of the blonde's snatch. The ugliness and tawdriness of the scene depressed me; all I could remember was Plato's in its glory, with maybe 40 or 50 people gathered in the Mat Room at once, fucking and sucking with wild abandon. The wild abandon was still there, but the 40 or 50 participants had moved on to other kinks. What if you gave an orgy and nobody came?

I decided to move on, too, over to the Wild West Side and the Vault, the S&M club of the moment. Along the way, I stopped at the Harmony Club, which features a free-for-all called "mardi gras." This involves strippers circulating in the audience and stopping at whoever waves the most dollar bills at them. The dancer then will "lap dance" — or sit on your lap and gyrate — for as long as you keep feeding her tips. The Harmony was booming. A huge crowd of old dukes filled the roomy, specially designed chairs, and some waited around the edges for seating. This is the raunchiest safe sex possible, and for this reason the joint was doing a rollicking business.

By the time I had dinner and made it to the West Side, it was after midnight. The Vault is one of the few S&M clubs which warrants the evil overtones of its name. For one thing, it is located in the heart of the meatpacking district, and the streets outside it literally run with blood. Huge packers stride by with whole sides of beef slung over their shoulders. The whole scene is lit by fires made from old packing crates, burned inside of barrels. It is a vision out of Fellini.

The Vault is located in a basement, underneath a gay bar. The walls seep with a horrible green mung, and sometimes the ceiling drips also — it is difficult not to imagine what sort of horrible fluids are descending from the gay bar above. The clientele seems not to mind, however. It is early: the action doesn't usually crank up until 2 or 3 o'clock. Over in a corner, a grey-faced, slug-like human is propped up on "love chair," offering his anus to all comers — but there are no takers. He peers out hopelessly at the nightmare environs, his eyes myopic behind smeared glasses.

In the bathroom is his spiritual brother, JJ, a fixture here. He has rigged some sort of wine bucket with a funnel, and asks me please to piss in it. I demur, and he moves on to someone else, who pisses on him instead — much to his delight. JJ hops into the bathtub-sized urinal, announcing "This is my home," with a pleased smile. I leave the can in disgust.

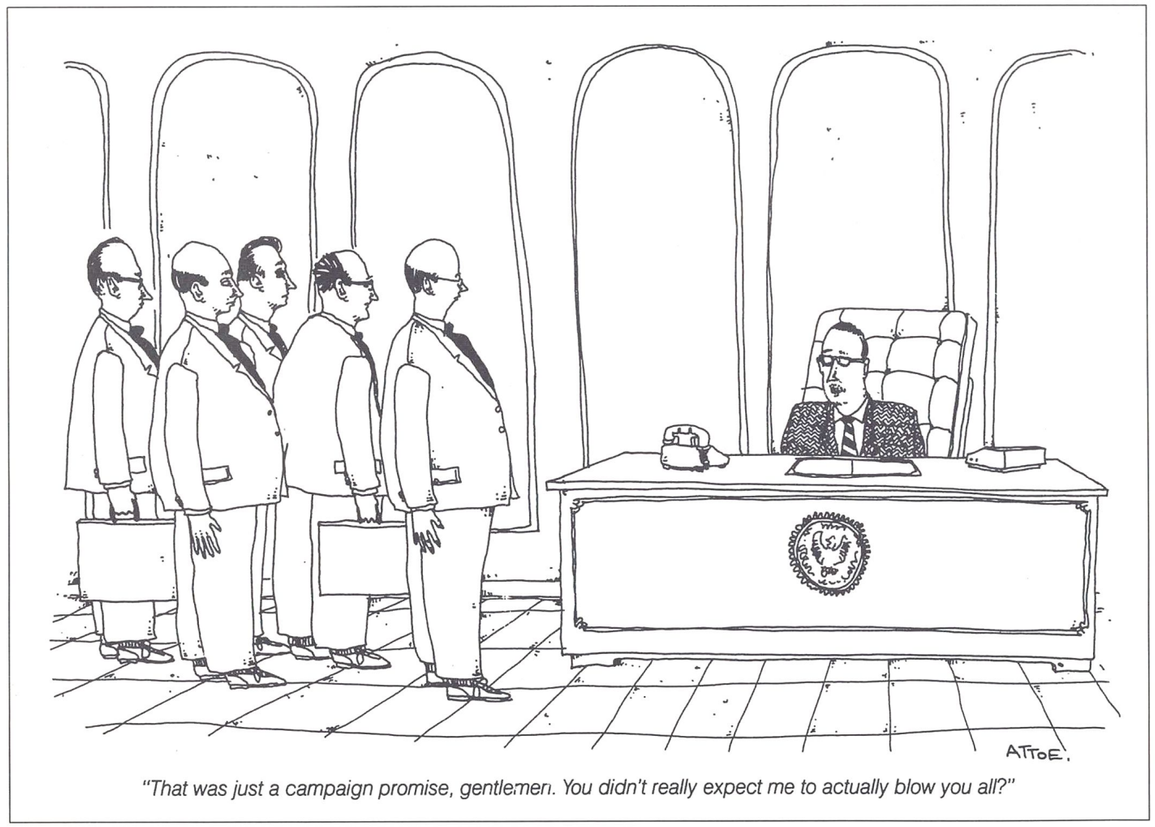
In the back cubicles, there are at least the beginnings of a scene. A pretty, sallow-faced girl with breasts the size of mixing bowls is being worked upon by a leather boy and his bull-dyke partner. They've got her stretched over a table and tied down.

"Mink-lined handcuffs, see?" Leather Boy says to me, lifting his slave's wrists. "Nothing but the best." The dyke has crammed a 7-inch dildo up the girl's cunt, and is now sealing over her hole completely with hot wax. The slave slurs out a low moan. Only her clit is poking out of the mound of red wax which has sealed her pussy, and the dyke begins to frig this with her tongue. More moans. Meanwhile, the Leather Boy has gotten out his whips. He flails the girl across her huge breasts lazily, almost dreamily. The three seemed locked in a weird dance.

The crowd around them has grown to perhaps two dozen — most of them, I see, just Jersey boys in for the cheap thrill. From another room I hear the steady whack of a spanking. The Scene has begun to heat up.

S&M just may be what it has all come down to in New York. There are other scenes, of course, and a red-blooded male can still get laid in a royal way, but the S&M scene is the only one that has the vibrancy of swinging, say, a few years back. As I make my way out of the club, I try to figure reasons for this. S&M is (or can be) safe sex, since it's mostly all psychodrama. Imagination is more important than actuality. Maybe that's all we can summon up in the Eighties-Going-On-The-Nineties: an impersonal game of sex and power. We've come full circle, through fucking, and swinging, and every permutation, and we're back in the surprisingly non-sexual world of role-playing.

I've come full circle, too. As I step out into a raw dawn, the meatpacking district is just closing up for the day. A raucously dressed transvestite hooker, her lipstick smeared halfway up her face, idly tries to solicit a tired worker. He just looks at her in disbelief, and she starts to scream profanities at him. The fires send up a faint stench of burning meat. Somehow, I get the feeling that no matter what bureaucrats do to Times Square, not matter who the vice squad busts, there will always be weird scenes like this going down somewhere in New York. The Apocalypse is just the beginning.



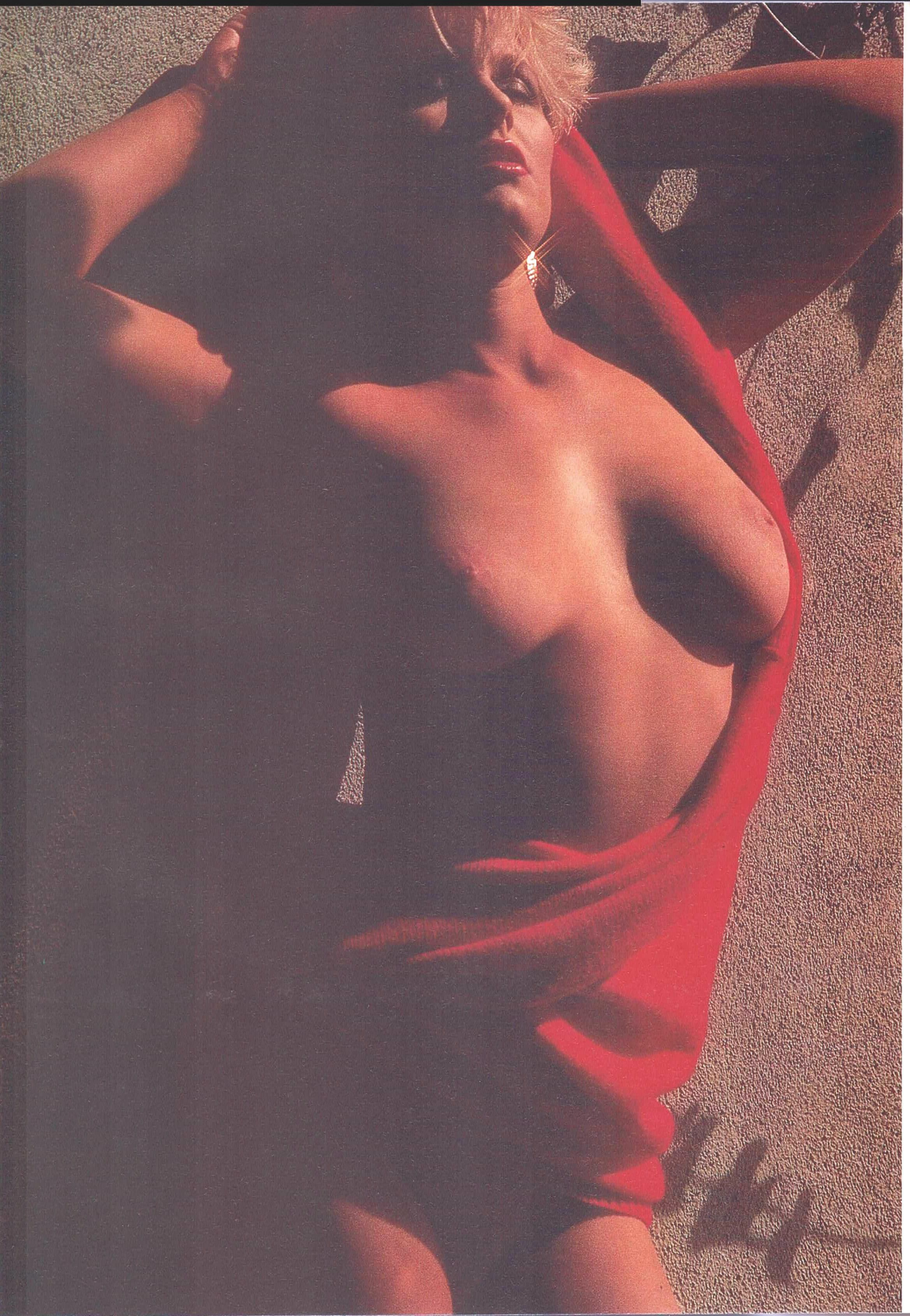
"That was just a campaign promise, gentlemen. You didn't really expect me to actually blow you all?"

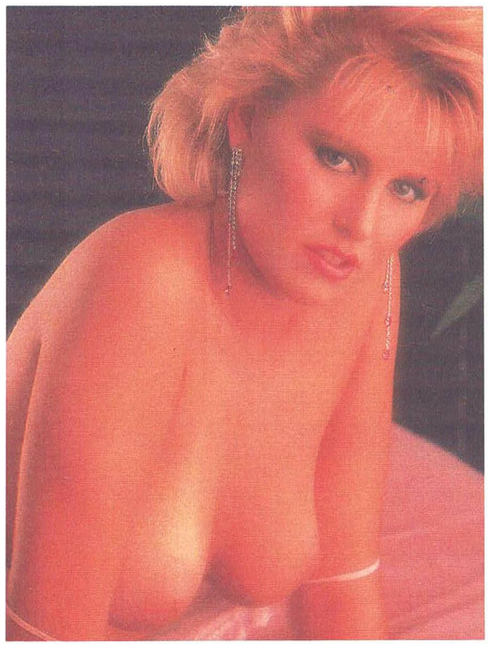
Dianne Dean can tell a lot about the minefield of relationships. "When you've got to get from A to B in your personal life, and you know there are things that you must avoid, there's only one way to do it, I say. Step lively."

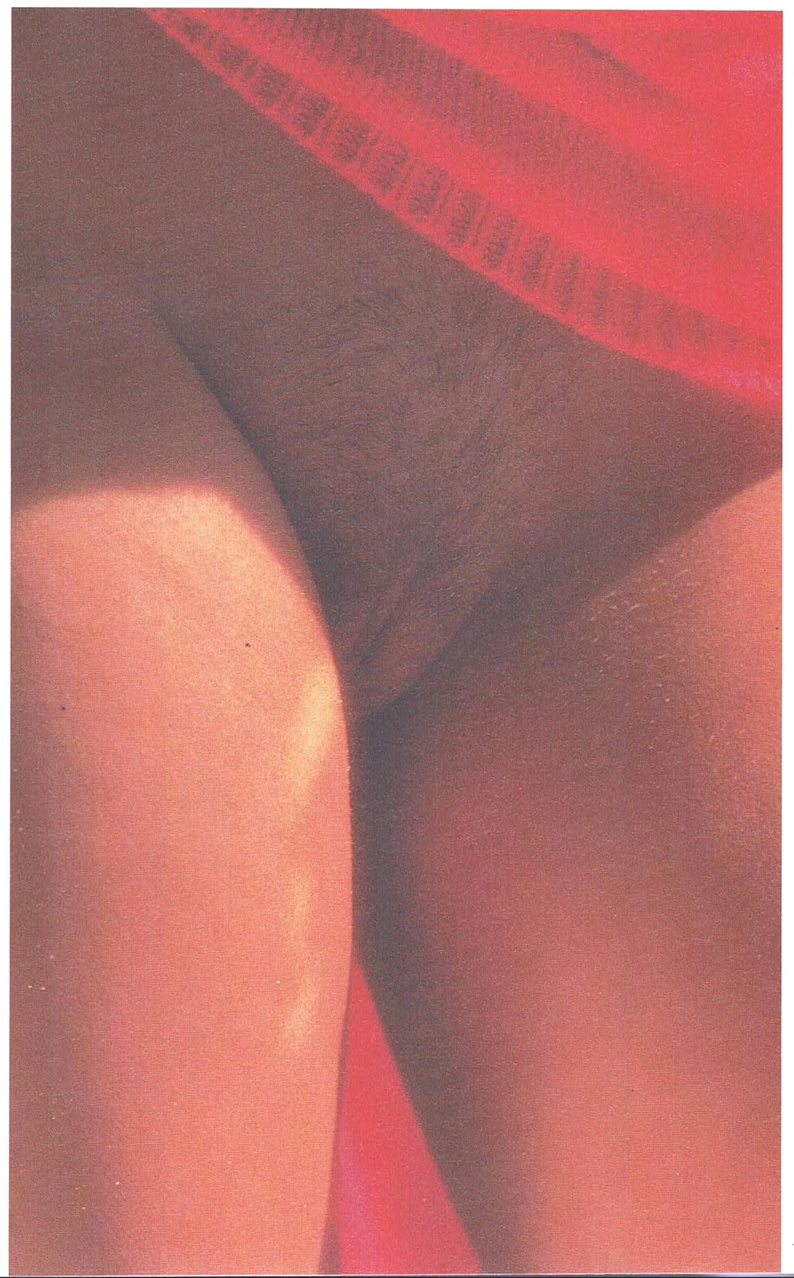
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Step Lively

"Some people are forever creeping around afraid to step on toes. I'm not saying the jackboot approach is the way to go — I just say put on your dancing shoes."







With a quickstep and some two-time-two, Dianne's heading on the road to modelling success. "I'm also planning some fancy footwork to get me into the movies," she says.

MARINA WHO WAS VENICE

BY JOHN NEWTON

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES KENWAY

He was the man eating alone in the corner of the restaurant. He was the man drinking slowly from a half litre of white wine: the romantic presiding over the death of romance. He had known for two years that his marriage was over, but was unprepared for the ending. He had sought solace in travel, the distraction of novelty, the safety of solitude, the balm of distance.

Over his book, he studied his fellow passengers surreptitiously. Opposite sat two young men, one dark, one gentle. The gentleman was also reading a book. He craned his neck to see its title. He read the words *La Strada Di Swann.* Despite his limited understanding of the language, he could tell that this was the Italian title of the book that he was reading. The gentleman looked up from his book, and catching the surprise in his eyes, leaned across to see what he was reading. The gentleman was delighted by the coincidence, and exclaimed, in Italian, to his dark friend, who smiled mournfully. Warmed too by this coincidence, he felt drawn back into the human fold.

Venice is a fantasy, a sweet illusion, a perfect woman

The gentleman began a conversation with him in halting but correct English: ''What part are you up to?''

He read the passage for the man: ''And this malady, which was Swann's love, had so far multiplied, was so closely interwoven with his habits, with all his actions, with his thoughts, his health, his sleep, his life, even with what he hoped for after his death, was so entirely one with him that it would have been impossible to wrest it away without

almost entirely destroying him."

"But this is a remarkable coincidence. This is exactly the sentence that I am now reading. How charming. You are going also to Venice?"

"Yes."

"Ah. You are fortunate. You know that it is the *carnevale?*"

"No. It is a coincidence. I planned my trip to Venice knowing nothing of the *carnevale.*"

"Another fortunate coincidence. It is the finest *carnevale* in Europe. You must come to see us there. We are actors, my friend and I. We are to appear in an Opera Buffa at the Teatro Malibran. After the performance we shall have supper."

"That would be delightful."

"This is your first trip to Venice?"

"Yes."

"You must not forget that Venice is an illusion, a reflection. Do not seek more."

"I am only a tourist, Signor."

The train pulled slowly into the platform, passing a small boy wearing a white scarf and playing a violin. The boy could not be heard through the windows, shut tightly against the cold and rain.

He caught a glimpse of the Grand Canal, still and silver. Venice, he reflected, so close to Venus. He had always imagined Venice as a woman, this damp and swollen city of softly rocking alleyways.

Yet nothing he had seen, read or imagined had prepared him for the *carnevale* of Venice. He said goodbye to the two actors, picked up his bag, and headed towards the crush leaving the station.

Woven through the drab tourist crowd, like gold thread through fabric, were the masked and costumed revellers: a masked flautist, a tall and elegant drag queen in a mask of black netting, clowns cavorting, green-haired women with white pancake makeup, troubadors, dandies from the time of Casanova. The walk to his small hotel was an enchanted one. The grey clouds parted; the sun turned to gold the waters of the Grand Canal.

He checked into his hotel room, paying the small black fox of a manager the tariff in advance, and went out immediately, eager to join the throng. Walking to the hotel, the crowds had been so thick as to form a bottleneck in the small laneway leading into Camp Leonardo. He'd had to jump a fence to break through. Now, half an hour later, heading to Rialto, they were impassable. Walking slowed to a crawl.

They shuffled forward, shoulder to shoulder, stranger jammed against stranger, all bound for Piazza San Marco. Had it been an Anglo-Saxon crowd, tempers would surely have flared. These southern Europeans, though, were calm and jovial, *carnevale* spirit acting as crowd control.

At *carnevale* in times past, the Doge would descend the stairs of his palace, masked, to mingle with the crowds, straining his ears for snatches of sedition, little globs of gossip to be stored and later used as weapons in the whispered intrigues of the palace. Illicit lovers strode the canals in agitation, searching for a sign to single out their beloved.

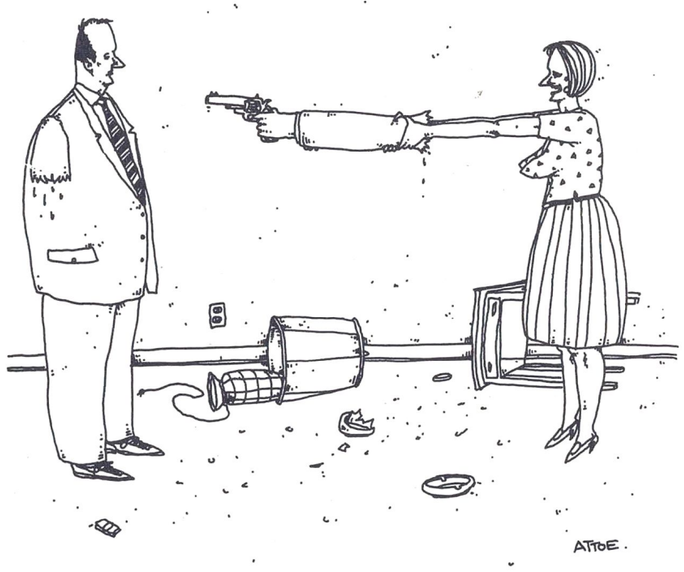
He saw her for the first time on the Rialto Bridge. He had stopped to watch a mask seller, dressed as a court jester and spruiking his black and white masks to an elderly American couple in ferociously fractured English, dancing up and down, confusing and terrifying his prospects to the amusement of the crowd. She was dressed as Columbine in a tight-fitting costume of silver and blue diamond shapes, a black mask covering the whole of her upper face, giving her a feline quality. Her black hair hung halfway down her back. He started when he saw her. He found himself staring at her, hard. Her head turned quickly towards him; she had sensed his interest. He felt the intensity of her gaze through the mask. Then, as suddenly, she turned, disappearing into the crowd surging towards San Marco.

He left the Rialto Bridge, threading his way through the crowd, along the Bocca di Piazza, the narrow alleyway leading on to Piazza San Marco. Another sound arose above the gentle strumming of the mandolins and guitars of the street musicians. A sound that began and ended in the groin: the heartbeat thud of rock and roll.

He had of course never seen Venice, had never before stepped from the Bocca through an archway on to the vast Piazza, and so had no idea that it was, in the shape of a trapezoid, 175 metres and a half long and 82 metres wide at its widest point — much longer, in other words, and wider than a football field, flanked at its northern and southern sides by the two-colonnaded Procuratie, the offices of the administrators of San Marco, and cloistered at the eastern end by the oriental Gothic vision splendid of the Basilica, the fluid symmetry of that golden monument flawed by the square severity of the campanile, sealed at the western end by the neo-classic Napoleonic wing.

He had expected the pealing of church bells, the flurry of pigeons, the click of Nikons, the whine of Americans, the rustle of Japanese, but not this. Not "Back In The USSR" roaring out from four barn-sized speakers hanging from the first floor balconies of the Procuratie Nuovi.

Certainly not the sight of ten, twenty, perhaps thirty thousand leaping dancing refugees from every myth and fantasy known to European culture, and some as yet undreamed.



"Now I have the gun."

MARINA

Gradually, his eyes accustomed themselves to the spectacle, and he began to notice the details of this moving mosaic. A woman paraded in front of him in a silver frame, her clothing and face made up to look like one of Picasso's portraits of Dora Maar; around her gambolled a squat silver robot, artooing and detooing, flashing and warbling; a devil with a diabolically long red penis in place of a tail danced with a nun sporting Minoan decolletage; a fully peruked 17th Century Venetian nobleman boogied with a late 20th Century orange-haired punk. He stepped out and on to the square, and was immediately caught up in the infectious rhythm. He found himself dancing, at first alone, and then arms linked with strange strangers, whirling in circles. The smell of marijuana drifted into and out of his consciousness; a pirate passed him a joint the size of a walking stick; he inhaled and passed it on to a gypsy woman.

Was this insanity, or courage, to be dancing crazily in the maw of this indolent monster of a country, usually stirring to life only to rip itself to pieces? He knew that many, perhaps most, of these young revellers were without jobs, without hope, without a future. It was bravery, surely, as well as the right of men and women to dance and to be silly in the face of disaster.

And he danced and pirouetted through the masked crowd of pirates and priests, ghosts and geishas, beneath the tomb of St Mark the Evangelist, beneath the four horses of Constantinople, beneath the winged lion of Venice, beneath the gathering storm clouds of the recession, forgetting, as is only right at *carnevale*, his own and the world's despair.

He stood at the bar of the Cafe Avena and drank white wine with a witch before turning his back on the crowd and heading for the Teatro Malibran and the Opera Buffa *Del Giovedi Santo* by Roberto di Simone-Santo, in which were appearing the two actors he had met before on the train.

The curtain rose. The play began. It was totally incomprehensible to him. The music was beautiful. It was a play about music, about a choir of young *castrati* in the 17th Century. He recognised his two friends from the train. The gentle one played a prelate; the younger, a boy soprano. There was a prince. A maestro. Four other singers, and a very young boy played, he thought, by a girl. Just when he felt he might be grasping the story, it took an extraordinary turn. Nuns burst on to the stage, ripped off their habits, and ran around naked and singing.

The prince was lecherous, the prelate unctuous, the young boy soulful. In many ways it was more interesting, he thought, not knowing the story. He could imagine various possibilities. Was the prince buying the boy, a *castrato*, for his debaucheries, from the prelate? Perhaps the boy was not yet castrated, and the prince was buying the boy's testicles from the prelate for his table? Perhaps the boy was, in reality, a girl, and the prince was buying the silence and complicity of the prelate in keeping him (her?) in the choir. If indeed the boy was a girl, then perhaps she grew up to be a nun, one of those who ran naked and singing around the stage. It was a play, like life, full of sexual possibilities, the fine line between male and female blurred, broken and, on occasions, non-existent, like the gonads of the *castrati*.

It was, being an Italian play, violently anti-clerical. Scorn and calumny were heaped upon the prelate at every opportunity.

Afterwards, he waited until the television interviewers had finished with the actors, and met up with his two friends, Giancarlo and Niccolo. He told them that he had enjoyed the play, and proffered, on the way to San Marco (for they were to dine at Florian's), his multitude of interpretations of it.

"Which one," he asked, "if any, is close to the truth?"

"But they are all the truth, and they are all preposterous versions of the truth."

"But you must tell me which of these versions is the truth. Or better still, tell me the story of the play."

"Why? By definition, a play cannot be truth. It is fiction. And to tell the truth, which I do rarely, perhaps never, and certainly not to attractive male travellers . . ." Giancarlo glanced across at him, brushed his thigh with his pale, recently unctuous fingers . . . "I personally prefer your own uproarious versions of the 'truth' of this rather silly play."

"I see," he said evasively, moving slightly beyond the reach of the long white fingers.

They sat, these three, in a corner stall at Florian's, ordering thinly sliced veal steaks and bottles of Malbech de Veneto. He felt awkward, aware of the attentions of Giancarlo, unsure of how to cope with them. He had nothing against homosexuals, and hoped to keep it that way. It was just that men did not attract him.

He sank back into the red plush and abandoned himself to the fantasy of sleeping with this man. It seemed to him that it was against his femininity to sleep with a man, that homosexuality was a celebration of maleness and that a feminine man was more likely to be attracted to women, to seeking the female in women, seeking, almost by osmosis, to take a little of it for himself. To rub against a male, to mingle chest hairs, pubis, to feel a penis against his penis did not move

"I'll see your molar and raise you two bicuspids."

him, although, he remembered, he had often wondered what it would feel like to hold a penis other than his own. But the fantasy would not take hold, and he viewed with alarm and embarrassment Giancarlo's hand creeping around his shoulder, along the back of the plush velvet stall.

He looked around the restaurant, and saw her, seated there, across from him, between Nijinsky dressed for *Apres Midi D'un Faun* and an Archbishop. She had removed her mask, and he saw that her eyes were like black grapes. She was looking at him, smiling in recognition of his embarrassment. He grinned back at her in acknowledgement of their meeting, as though it had only been a matter of time, realising that there had been contact made on the Rialto Bridge. That he should meet this woman, one of the most perfect that he had ever seen, on that bridge, one of the most perfect in Europe, seemed absolutely correct.

He was vaguely conscious of Giancarlo's voice, soft and insistent, close to his ear, droning on and on: "And I expect that you will tell me, Kanguru, that you are not homosexual, that you do not sleep with men, and I will ask you, what is sexuality but a matter of habit, of custom, and will dare you to break the habit, to learn to do things in my way. I shall remind you that when in Rome, of course, you did as the Romans, and now you are in Venice, where nothing is ever as it seems, including you, Signor Kanguru . . ."

He felt himself lulled by this argument, attracted to it, agreeing hazily, feeling that perhaps he was merely an habitual heterosexual; after all, had not his own marriage been entirely sexless? Had that not, ultimately, been the cause of its demise? Had he not lived for so many months without sex now that he had difficulty in remembering what exactly it felt like, with only the troubled image attached to his hypnopompic erections to conjure with as he dispatched them immediately by masturbation, leaving him free for the time-consuming business of getting through each day, without having to go through the time-wasting business of seduction, consummation and farewell, or without having to confront the spectre of rejection? Here was a new experience, handed to him on a silver platter, like a calling card from a visitor from another world, like the fried hare he had eaten in Ravenna, and was he not, after all, travelling as much for these new experiences as he was for the mosaics, the churches and the art museum?

"*Ciaio*," she called across the room, raising her silver goblet brimful of red wine, beckoning for him to join her.

He looked up, confused, still half aware of Giancarlo, slowly focussing on this Columbine with the jet black hair.

"*Ciaio*," he replied awkwardly.

Giancarlo looked across at her table, eyebrows raised, shrugged, and graciously, with the air of a man beaten fairly, patted him on the back, and pushed him gently towards her.

"But I see that you prefer red wine. Please, join your friend. We shall talk some other time. Old habits die hard."

"She is not exactly a friend. I only saw her briefly, on the Rialto Bridge."

"Signor," he interrupted, "that look is not one that should be ignored. If she is not your friend now, she will be very close to you before the night is out. Join her. It is *carnevale*, and such invitations must not be refused at this time."

He stood and moved across the room towards her. She slid across towards the Archbishop to accommodate him as he clambered awkwardly over Nijinsky. She spoke rapidly to him in Italian.

"*Scusi, Signorina, non capisco.*"

"You speak English?"

> There was a cool quality to her skin unlike any other. They both seemed to be floating.

"Yes."

"I speak a little English." Her English was beautifully flawed, like the crazing on a celadon vase, adding to the beauty of her husky voice. "I hoped that I would see you again. You remember?"

"The Rialto."

"*Si*. Now you are here. It is *carnevalesco*, you understand?"

"I think so. You are alone?"

"*Si*. Always. But you, perhaps, are not?" She gestured mischievously to Giancarlo. He turned to look at him. Giancarlo smiled and waved, bowing toward her.

"No. A . . . misunderstanding. *Perdono, Signorina*, you say that you are always alone. But you have asked me to join you?"

"Yes. I see you. I like you. I want to speak with you. I am control. You understand?"

"Aaaah. I understand. Perfectly."

"But you are not make up. Wait." She turned to Nijinsky, spoke to him again in rapid Italian. He laughed, nodded, and bent to a bag at his feet. From it he pulled a full box of theatrical makeup.

"Come," she said, "come closer. I will make you. It is *carnevale*, and you look, how do you say, no clothes?"

"Naked." He moved closer to her. Her fingers whispered across his face. He stared into her eyes. In them he saw everything: depth, humor, wisdom, sadness, gaiety, scorn. Solemnly, with a sable brush and her fingertips, she painted his face, first white, then with color, blackening his eyes, painting them sad, lifting the corners of his mouth in a masque of joy. As she ran the tip of her brush over his lips, she slowly parted her own, running her tongue lightly across her top lip, in concentration. Her eyes met his, her tongue darted out, inviting his to join it.

"And now, you are Arlecchino. But Arlecchino unmasked. Arlecchino is the lover to Columbina. You are invisible to all but Columbina. Unmasked, Arlecchino appears both happy, and sad. Happy to be with his love. But sad that he is her . . . *schiavo?* He forgets his sadness only in the arms of his Columbina. I, of course, am your Columbina. Come. We dance."

She took his hand, and led him, dazed, out on to the Piazza San Marco. There was a cool quality to her skin unlike any he had ever felt. They both seemed to be floating, the huge crowd reduced to a glittering pulsating backdrop to their dance. And he danced that night as he had never danced before; they leapt in the moonlight and they kissed. Her lips were as cold and sweet as iced plums. He did not believe that this was happening to him, this night, this light, this music, this woman. He wanted to slide her out of her diamond-patterned costume and make love to her, there on the pavement of the Piazza. They did not talk, yet she had woven a spell around him, and he knew that he would follow her, to the bottom of the Adriatic, if need be.

And still they danced and kissed and stared into each other's eyes amidst the costumed throng until finally, exhausted, she took his hand and drew him through the crowd.

"Come, now I shall show you the other Venice."

"The other Venice?"

"Of course. There are two Venices. The Venice you see here, it is made of stone and marble. And there is the liquid Venice."

"Aaah. We shall walk by the canals."

"No," she laughed, "we shall walk in the canals."

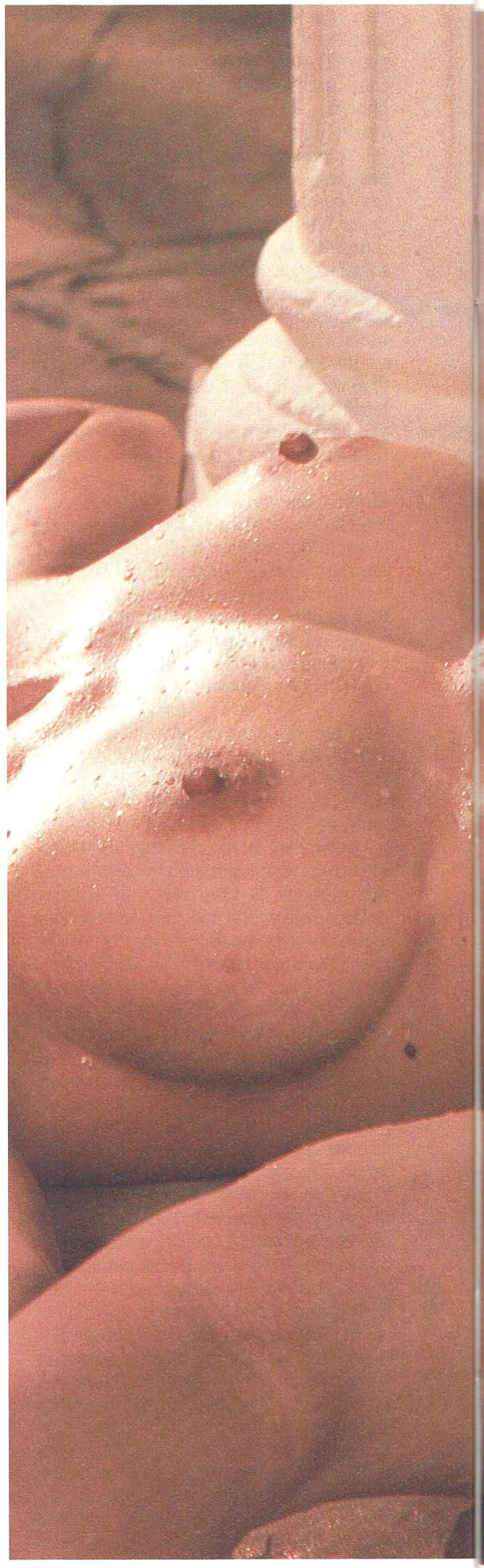
She led him down alleyways, across bridges, down sidestreets, past the dim glow of candlelight glimmering from churches. Here and there, footsteps echoed alongside or above them, but they saw no-one. Soon, the noise and throb of San Marco subsided entirely,

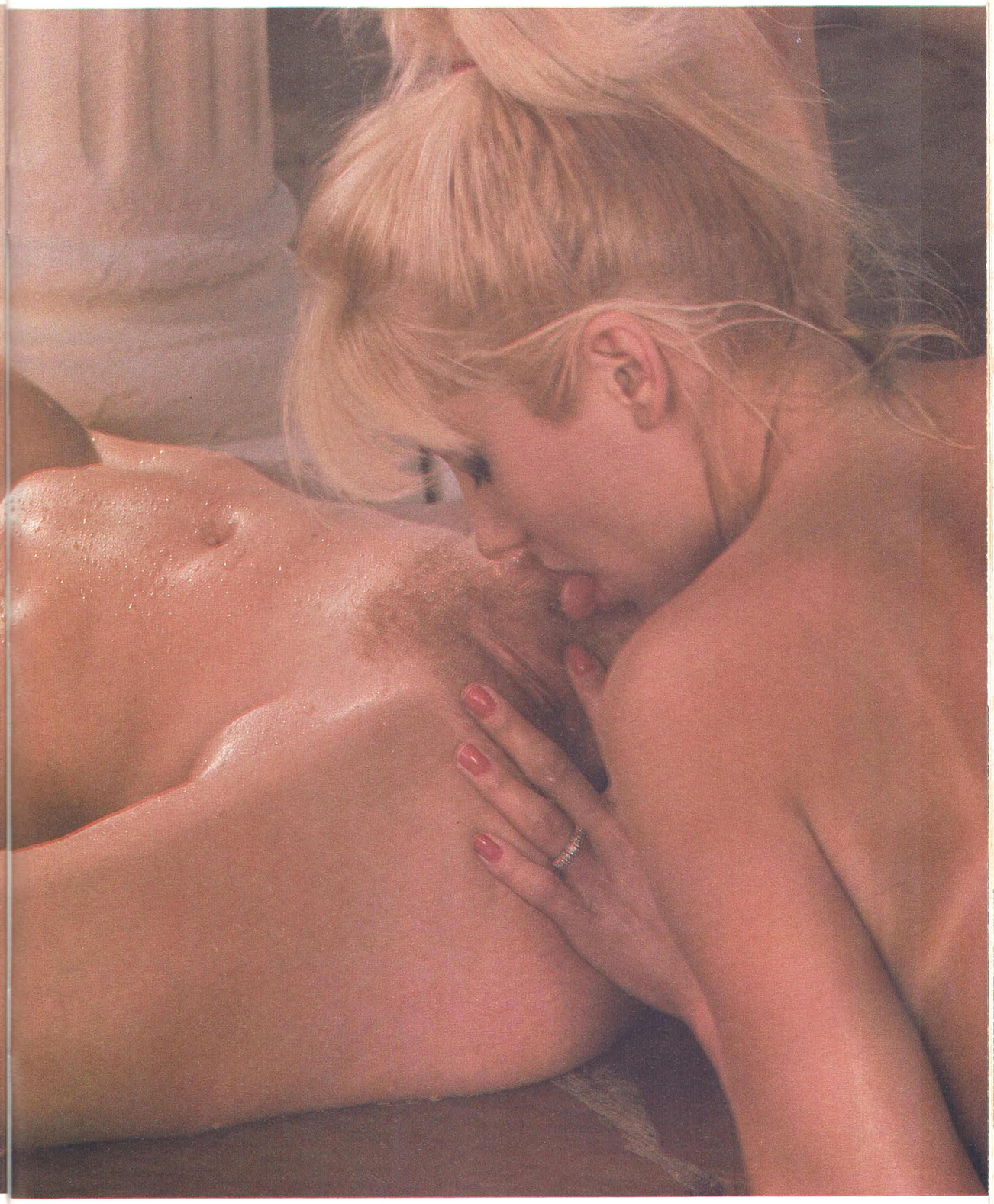
Continued on page 110

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Sparring Partners

Two girls, looking for their match, find each other — of all places, at a boxing match. Taking a leaf out of a fighter's book, they decide to sort each other out with a challenge. "Let's spa," they agreed.





The contact between them in the early rounds is heated from the outset. First, they worked the head. Soon they moved in on the body. Soon their guards were dropped — and both started aiming below the belt. Neither complained.

FITNESS

Continued from page 53

going to be there in the end, whether he's got to go through a pain barrier or not.

Penthouse: What was the most painful injury you've played on with, Wayne?

Pearce: A medial [knee] ligament I tore in '83 in the first State of Origin game, about 20 minutes into the first half. I was playing second row and Ray Price was lock. Pricey had already gone off injured and at that stage you only had one reserve back and one reserve forward, so I had to keep playing.

Penthouse: I've been told that you took no pain-killers even after the operation on your knee. This suggests that you have a different approach to pain than just about anyone else.

Pearce: I just hate taking pain-killers. I hate taking drugs. I know Jeff's the same. I don't even have an anaesthetic before I get stitched up after a game, which happens quite regularly.

Fenech: I'm not that tough. I don't mind having a needle now and then.

Pearce: But when you're warm, it doesn't really hurt. I just hate drugs.

Penthouse: But if it's a local anaesthetic, that would have no effect on your brain . . .

Pearce: No, it wouldn't. But I suppose you just like to show that you can handle it.

Fenech: Yeah. I mean, I train for three months prior to a fight without any needles or anything, and go through a lot of pain punching the pads. But on fight night, that's the night I've got to make sure everything's right.

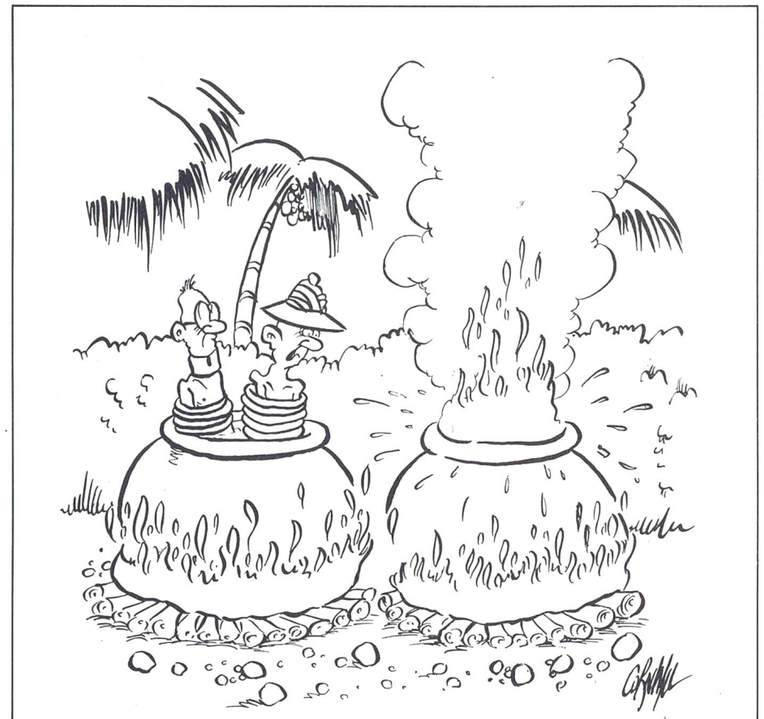
Pearce: We all get pain the next day, but you sort of see that pain as a reward because you know you really put in the effort. It's a sort of good pain, if there's such a thing.

Mercer: I do enjoy it really. When you're running on the sand your calves feel like they're on fire — they're just burning — and you just want to completely stop, because as soon as you stop, the pain eases. But it feels so good after you've done something like that.

Penthouse: Obviously it all comes down to endorphins — the body's natural opiates which the brain pumps out to counter the pain, and which also produce euphoria. You guys must recognise that you're addicted to those chemicals and you have to keep on producing them by means of hard exercise.

Pearce: Yes. Until they mentioned endorphins a few years ago, you knew nothing about that — you just knew you felt good.

Fenech: I don't know anything about them now.



"Oh my God! The chips!"

Penthouse: What happens when your sporting careers are over? How will you recreate that feeling? You can't train this hard forever, can you?

Fenech: Well, I'm always going to do some training. But you can only do so much as you get older. Maybe just helping other people in sport, and having a couple of kids and helping them, will give me that enjoyment. Once you've accomplished everything and you know your time has come, and you know you've given it 100 percent, you can just sit down and be happy. The people who know they haven't given their best — they're the ones that almost get eaten away, you know?

Penthouse: I guess you'd admit it's coincidental that boxing's so well paid compared with football or ironman, Jeff?

Fenech: Yeah, but you've got to be good to get it. There's plenty of boxers who don't earn much at all.

Pearce: But the long-term risks in boxing are much greater, as far as being belted around the head is concerned.

Fenech: I got hit probably three or four times in the last fight. I reckon I'd get hit hard maybe a dozen times in a year, if that. I've been pretty lucky.

Pearce: But I'm told boxers take most of their punishment when they're sparring, not in the fight itself.

Fenech: That's true. Like, when I spar I have to box light-heavyweights like Jeff Harding because I can't box with anyone my weight. And nobody can box with me two rounds in a row because I wear them out, so I box four or five different fighters over 12 rounds and I do get hit in the head. The head guards give you a false sense of security because you think it's not going to hurt you, but it does send a shock through your whole head.

Penthouse: In the past few years we've seen the rise of the "science" of sports psychology and motivation. Has any of these characters ever said anything that turned on the lights for you, or that helped you in any way at all?

Mercer: I've had guys try to talk to me about motivation, but really it's all within yourself.

Fenech: If you're good at something and you happen to win, and some bloke's been telling you to think this or do that, they always want to take some of the credit. And you think to yourself: "I wonder if it was because of that, or whether it had nothing to do with it."

Mercer: Yeah. You may not even have done what they told you to do.

Pearce: I think there's this great motivation myth out there. The general public thinks that some guru comes along and motivates you before a game, a fight or whatever. That's just not the way it is. It's all internal.

Penthouse: Did the controversies of the past year regarding drugs in sport, highlighted by the Ben Johnson affair, make you feel that suspicion had been cast on all sportsmen, or that sport in general had been sullied?

Fenech: I felt sorry for Ben Johnson. Drugs in sport are so common in the States. He shouldn't have done it, but he was only doing what he thought everyone else did. Unless they're going to test the lot, not just the winners, I feel it's wrong because there'd have been others who weren't as good as him and who used drugs as well, but got away with it because they didn't win.

Mercer: I felt sorry for him too. You have to test everyone; you can't single out one guy because he won.

Penthouse: What are the procedures for drug testing in boxing?

Fenech: They give you a drug test after every fight.

Penthouse: But what about at other times? Theoretically you could use steroids and stop well before a fight, and they wouldn't be detected.

Fenech: Why would you use them? They'd only bulk you up and slow you up.

Pearce: Boxing, like football, is a power sport but it also requires a lot of skill. What Jeff would gain in power, he'd lose in co-ordination and a lot of other factors. It's the same with League. People say a lot of footballers take steroids. I haven't played with anyone at club or representative level who's taken them as far as I know — and I'm sure I'd know if a lot of players were.

Fenech: I know a lot of footballers and I've never heard of it. I don't think footballers would need them.

Penthouse: If you're saying steroids produce a lack of co-ordination, wouldn't you admit that one of the major factors in running 100 metres very fast is co-ordination?

Pearce: Maybe co-ordination isn't affected, but what about agility? The sprinter only has to move in a straight line, whereas in football and boxing you've got to be agile and supple; you've got to be able to change direction pretty quickly.

Fenech: I really don't believe steroids would help a footballer or a fighter at all.

Pearce: With Johnson's case, and the Olympics in general, I felt sad for sport really. I mean, as a top-level sports person I know people in different sports in Australia do use them. Most weightlifters are on steroids, whether they admit it or not, because that's a pure power sport with no other components in it, as there are in our cases.

Penthouse: I accept the point in regard to boxing, because fighters need lean physiques rather than muscle bulk. But it still seems that a drug which, combined with weights, can give you greater power and increase your speed over short distances would not be useless to a footballer.

Pearce: Speed is only one small factor in a footballer's makeup. The point you're making a mistake on is that no-one's actually said steroids make you faster over 100 metres. Johnson probably had a placebo effect. He's taken them thinking they'd make him faster, and he's forced himself to keep taking them because he thinks they worked.

Penthouse: But isn't Johnson's great advantage his explosive power out of the blocks, derived from greater muscle bulk which was gained from combining steroids with weightlifing?

Pearce: Yeah, but — this is a bit technical — acceleration is force over mass, so if you can increase the force without increasing the mass so much, your acceleration has got to increase. But by taking steroids you're increasing both the force and the mass, and I honestly believe there's a trade-off there. Look at Carl Lewis — it's obvious he's not bulked up.

Penthouse: Would a sportsman be so stupid as to submit himself to that level of risk to gain an advantage that wasn't there in the first place?

> ❛ I would accept it as a challenge to prove that I could perform as well or better than the guy who's taken the drug ❜

Pearce: Well, I don't know. But just as a simple example, I know that I've got my little superstitions — things that I like to do before a game — that I think help my performance. You could apply the same principle to steroids — you think they improve your performance so you keep on taking them, the same as I wear the same pair of Speedos every week for the game.

Fenech: It's the same with taking vitamins. You might take a certain vitamin every day, and one day you go down to the gym and you realise you've forgotten to take it, and you think: "Shit, do I feel all right?"

Pearce: I think vitamins are the classic example you could equate with steroids. You don't know whether they've done you any good or not; but one day you took them, you felt good, you thought you performed better that day, so you habitually keep taking them.

Penthouse: If someone were to offer you exclusively a drug that improved your energy level and hence your performance with no possible penalty — no after-effects, no chance of detection — so that you could cruise through your event and perform as well or better than normally, would you take it?

Fenech: I wouldn't, because I enjoy it when you go through the pain and then you win. That's what makes it all worth it: knowing that what I've done has been through my own ability and my own hard work. I wouldn't enjoy it otherwise.

Pearce: I would accept it as a challenge to prove that I could perform as well or better than the guy who's taken the drug.

Mercer: I think sportsmen do their sport because they love it, and they don't want to pump stuff into their bodies to make them go better, because really they're doing what they do for personal gain.

Penthouse: How would you feel if you were in a sport where you knew everyone was taking drugs?

Fenech: It would be terrible, especially if you weren't winning. Then I suppose you might be tempted to try something.

Mercer: If everyone was taking them, that's when you'd really start to get on edge. If there were no problems, no after-effects at all, then you'd have to start thinking about it.

Penthouse: I wonder if there's anything common to your backgrounds that caused you to make a decision to go all out in pursuit of fitness and sporting achievement. When did you make that decision, Darren?

Mercer: Well, I left school in Year 10 and I had an apprenticeship in the mining industry. I was living away from home, in a pub, and everyone would go straight down to the pub after work, have a few drinks and then just watch TV. I could see I was going downhill fast. I was there seven months, then I came home and did my first ironman race at Bondi — that was the one where I went the wrong way and Guy Leech beat me — and then I decided, hey, I've got a chance of doing all right at this. So I decided to go for it.

Fenech: When I played football at school I was the smallest kid, a skinny little runt. My Mum used to cry when I ran on to the field, thinking I'd get killed. But I always dreamed of being a footballer. I did an apprenticeship as a bricklayer because I thought it might help me build up. I always hung around with people who drank and smoked drugs but I never even had a cigarette because I knew that I was small and I'd have to work hard and get fit if I was going to be good at something.

Penthouse: Are there any sportsmen who've inspired you?

Fenech: Tom Raudonikis. When he played for Newtown I used to love watching him. Tommy used to manage me and look after me when I had my first couple of amateur fights. Tommy didn't mind a

Continued on page 134

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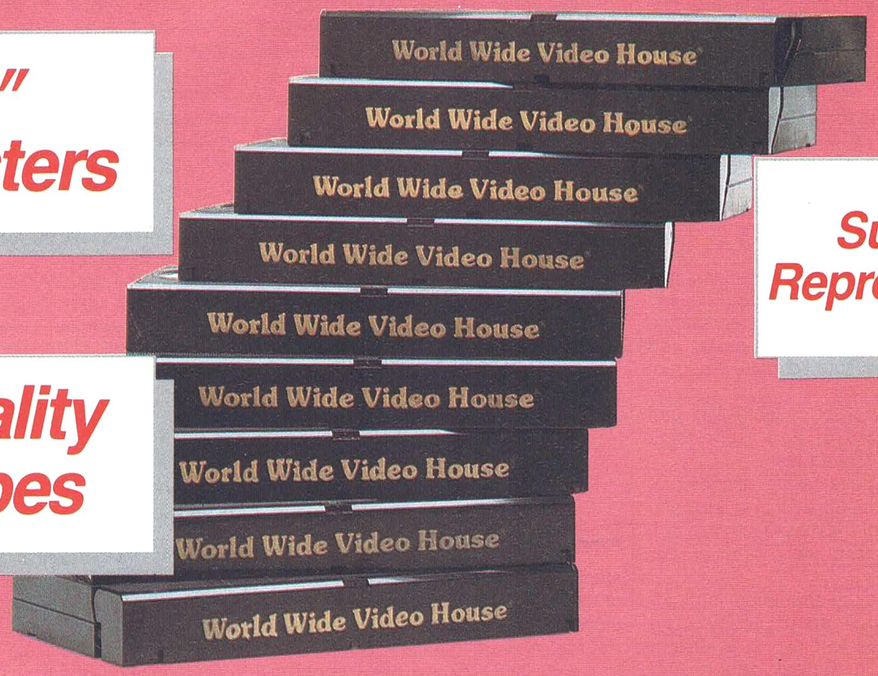
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SUPRA NOVA

There are cars and there are prestige cars. A show of deference, even worship, is deemed good form in the presence of certain brands. Porsche, obviously, is one of the elite.

Of the sporting machines, Porsche is the nameplate that every practical feet-on-the-ground car perv lusts after. Let the incurable romantics live with the aberrations of Ferrari, and its excesses of what the aficionados excuse as Italian character.

Porsche represents style, class, excitement and Teutonic efficiency. Verve without complications. Porsche commands attention and respect. Like Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz, BMW and Jaguar. It's a small club.

Yet forget for a moment badges and images and preconceptions and it's surprisingly easy to justify owning a turbocharged Toyota Supra ahead of a Porsche 944 Turbo.

The Supra as a Poor Man's Porsche? A stretch of the imagination is perhaps required. Certainly, the Toyota is often dismissed as a big lump of a car invariably owned by aging Lotharios in white shoes and gold chains who are into blatant phallic symbolism.

Too cruel. It's too good a car to become a cliche. True, it is a bulky

Toyota's Supra Turbo has the guts and glamor of a Porsche 944 — at less than half the price

SUPRA NOVA

coupe. The Supra is unashamedly targeting the American market. Look at it. It's a big mother, bigger than it probably needs to be. But the Yanks like substance. There's a touch of Camaro in the design. Styling influences are more Detroit than Stuttgart or Milan.

But the tubby Supra Turbo will out-run if not out-pose the lithe 944. For beneath that sheet metal is a precise, refined sporting car of greater nimbleness than its size suggests. Forgetting price and image, it's very simple to put the turbo Supra and 944 in the same basket.

Of course the Supra is not exactly a poor man's anything, not at 60 biggies. Comparatively speaking, though, the Supra Turbo is a cheapie considering the Porsche 944 Turbo impacts on the wallet to the tune of about 129 grand.

In other words, one Porsche 944 Turbo buys you a matching pair of turbocharged Supras and also leaves nine grand of loose change.

It has to be said that Australia has been slow to accept the Supra as a true sporting grand tourer. Originally released in Oz in 1986 in non-turbo 140 kiloWatt 3.0-litre form, the Supra had a battle to reveal anything of its impressive road demeanor. Its engine was honest and smooth, but in a car tipping the scales at nearly 1600 kilos, it lacked the brutal kick that separates the true performers from the pack. The non-turbo Supra would handle the standing 100 metres in 7.8 seconds on to a zero-400 metres time of 15.7 seconds. That's okay, but not quite Porsche territory.

The Toyota master blaster — the turbocharged and intercooled Supra — has 24 percent more power and, incredibly, 35 percent more torque than the naturally-aspirated (non-turbo) model which, incidentally, remains on sale.

Not only is it the first turbocharged Toyota to be sold here, but it's also the most powerful six-cylinder sports car on the Australian market. The turbo is the powerplant Toyota should have provided in the Australian market Supra from day one. This 24-valve 3.0-litre twin-cam straight six punches out 173 kiloWatts of power, or 232 horsepower. Just as telling is the 344 Newton-metres of torque which gives the engine an amazing flexibility, allowing it to start pulling from as low as 2000 revs and thence in an unstoppable rocketlike surge to 5000 rpm.

The Supra produces more power and torque than its direct Japanese competitors, the V6-engined Nissan ZX Turbo and the rotary Mazda RX-7 Turbo.

Whither the fabled Porsche? The 2.5-litre 944 Turbo has claimed power figures of 162 kW, with 330 Nm of torque. The bigger-capacity 3.2-litre six-cylinder in the classic 911 shape also bows to the Supra. Make no mistake, the Supra's now right in gee-whiz territory. The big turbocar launches itself from rest to 100 km/h in a lightning, smack-you-in-the-ass, slam-you-in-the-seat 6.3 seconds, scorching over the 400 metres in 14.5 seconds before peaking at a speed of 235 km/h. Obviously this is a very swift, energetic motor car capable of covering tarmac at an impressive rate.

Power and performance at this level is rare in anything but the upmarket exotics. Toyota, once the most conservative of the Japanese carmakers with bland, forgettable offerings epitomised by unfashionable delights like the Corona and Crown, has discovered innovation and panache.

The current Celica was the first sign of Toyota's bold new direction, since confirmed wholeheartedly by the brilliant little mid-engined MR-2 and the wolf in sheep's clothing, the Cressida.

> Power and performance at this level is rare in anything but the upmarket exotics

The turbo Supra is more a reinforcement of ideals than an example of striking new technology. It does however showcase Toyota's stunning progress in engine and suspension design. In the period of five years Toyota has moved mountains. Japan's most productive vehicle manufacturer is now regarded as having the potential to shake the European luxury car giants. And it was just a matter of a handful of years ago that Toyota was regarded as out of step with modern thinking, a brand most likely to be found parked in car parks at RSL and bowling clubs. An unsuspecting Corona driver who trades his trusty old transport on any of the current Toyota models could be in for a wild acclimatisation period.

The Supra gets the Toyota Electronic Modulated Suspension (TEMS), a system that modulates shock absorber damping. At the touch of a button, the driver can choose either a Sports or Normal suspension setting. There's also a computer-controlled override function which automatically switches damping to the stiffer mode at speeds of 120 km/h or more, or whenever the car is accelerating or braking.

The Supra mightn't have the ultimate grip or balance of the 944, but it's pretty damned good.

Obviously with so much power on tap, the throttle needs to be employed with due care. It is a simple matter to lay neat strips of Mr Bridgestone's Potenzas on the roadway at traffic lights or on the exits of tight corners. The four ventilated disc brakes have to work desperately hard to keep hauling up such a bulky beast. Because of the Supra's explosive performance the driveline has been beefed-up where necessary to better cope with the demands of turbo power. A new heavy-duty five-speed overdrive gearbox is fitted to the manual model; it's not as light to use as most Japanese transmissions but does give the impression of being nigh unbreakable.

The optional automatic Supra uses an electronically-controlled four-speed overdrive box which it also shares with the latest Cressida.

Inside, there's evidence of a determination to coddle the driver. Wraparound seats are designed to keep the occupants well located during enthusiastic cornering. You sit in, rather than on. Leather is not the dominant trim material, however those who like the feel of hide have been pampered by a leather-bound steering wheel, gear knob and handbrake lever.

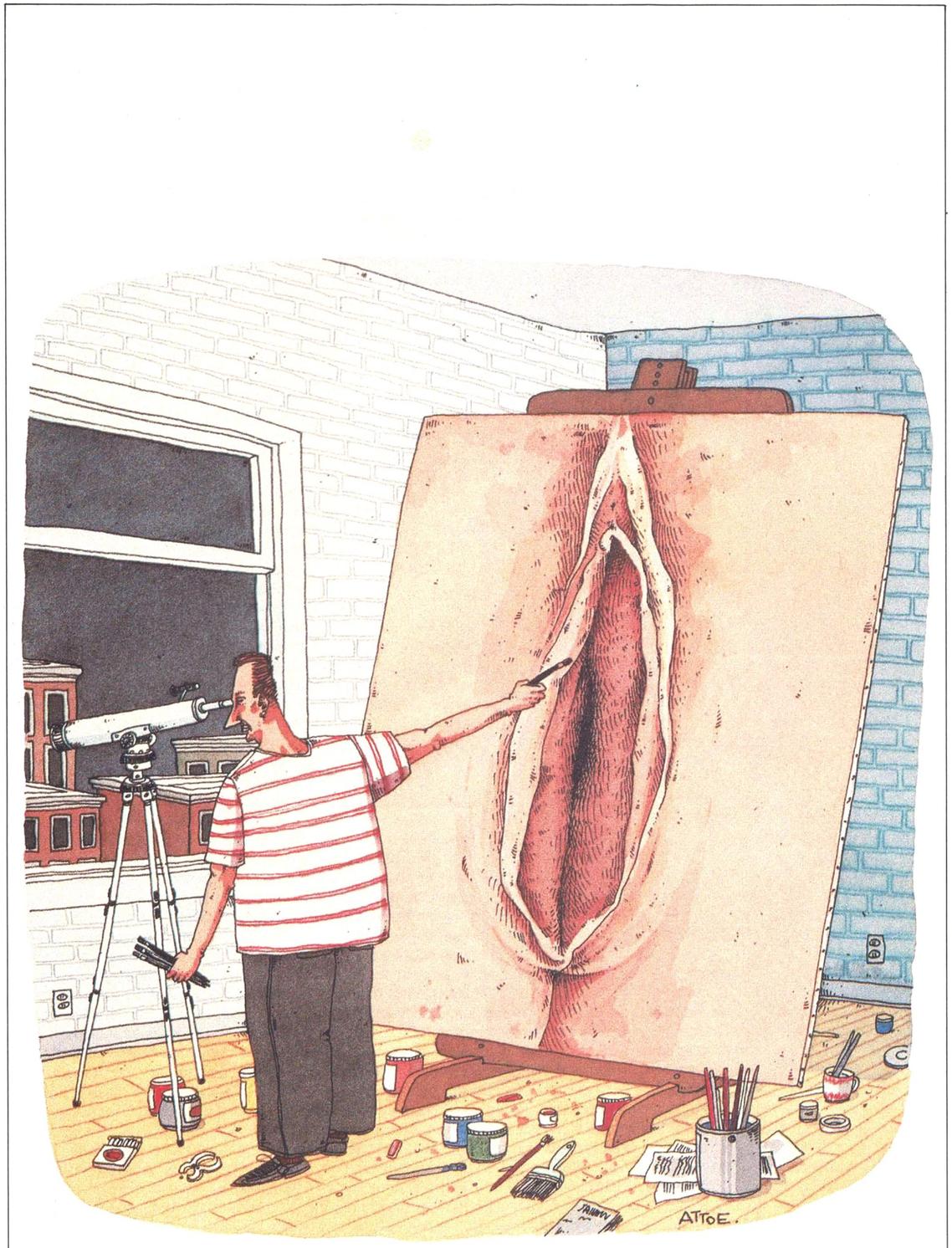
Cruise control, upgraded air conditioning, improved quality sound system with four speakers, power mirrors, electric windows . . . all contribute to the driver's sense of well-being, and the car's great weight.

The cockpit is well insulated from road and engine noise although some vibration and under-bonnet roar is detectable when the tacho needle is swinging hastily towards the red. However, pottering around town or cruising easily on the highway, the Supra is pleasantly silent.

The least expensive of the turbo line-up is the fixed roof manual, at $59,900. The auto is an additional 4600 clams while there's also a slushbox version with a sports roof for $67,500. Having created a genuine sporting product, Toyota is now hell-bent on re-defining the image of the Supra. The generously-proportioned flagship is taking to the racetracks of Australia, initially in showroom-stock production car competition.

And soon there will be a Bathurst challenger, a factory-supported Toyota Team Australia Supra which hopefully might stir the Ford Sierras that have tended to dominate world touring car racing over the last season or so.

So while it may be naughty to compare a Supra with a Porsche in 1989, down the track apiece such parallels may be less grating to those who revere all examples of the Zuffenhausen express.



MARINA

Continued from page 95

and they were alone, walking swiftly alongside dark waters lapping at their feet, his hand held by her cool one, in total silence. He had no idea where he was, and, he realised, who it was that he was with.

"What is your name? Are you from Venice?"

"I am Marina. I am Venice." Her voice drifted out of the black night. It seemed to him that now she had parted from him, whereas in the square, they had been as one.

"Marina. Stop. I want to kiss you."

"No. We must keep going." She turned to look at him and he saw with confusion that her eyes, full of love and laughter before, were cold and distant. No sooner did he think that he had her than she had slipped away. She glanced up at the full moon as it drifted behind another cloud, briefly showing itself to the Earth, and shuddered. He put his arm around her. She shrugged it off.

They turned down an alleyway that seemed to be without end. She took his hand again, drawing him alongside her in the darkness. They walked in this silent blackness for what seemed hours, and then, just as suddenly, emerged into bright light. It was another *carnevale*.

Somehow, they were back on the Grand Canal. And there, right in front of them, was the most extraordinary boat he had ever seen. A golden barge, some ten metres long, with 25 oars protruding from 25 round ports, each surmounted by a carved golden dolphin. Indeed, dolphins leapt all the way along the golden barge to the bow. On the bow, a carved Neptune sat, his trident in his hand, pointing the way ahead, atop a golden wave curling endlessly beneath him, holding aloft his throne, a golden clam shell.

Strangely the barge, the canal, the buildings, all were bathed in yellow light and seemed to shimmer, to waft back and forth. On the deck of this barge, towards the high stern, stood a man dressed in crimson velvet robes, embroidered with gold, studded with pearls. He stood beneath a banner flying the device of the winged lion. He beckoned down to them. A gangplank slid out from the barge to the canalside. Two men wearing tricorner hats and draped in black cloaks marched down the gangplank and escorted them on board. He found it difficult to walk into this shimmering scene; it was like walking into a painting, or the flickering image from a television set.

He was frightened, yet elated. He stepped aboard the barge. For the first time, he felt that he was actually in Venice, the Venice that existed only on the walls of the Academia, Tintoretto's Venice, not the Venice of loudspeakers in San Marco. Surrounding the barge like pilot fish around a shark were sleek black gondoliers in knee breeches and straw hats. All was silent, but for the continual lapping of the water, the creak of wood.

The man with the crimson cape swept majestically aft, spreading his arms in benediction. Marina fell to her knees and kissed his hand. He followed suit. They spoke briefly in muttered Italian. The man turned, facing him for the first time, and said, in almost perfect English: "Welcome to the Republic of Venice, my son. I am Ludovico Manin, the 120th, and alas the last, of the Doges of Venice."

"Excellency," he replied, still on his knees, "I am deeply honored, but also deeply confused. And not a little frightened."

"Do not be frightened. You are still in Venice. You have merely crossed into the Reflection of Venice. Here Venice is still a republic, the Jewel of the Adriatic, Serenissima, reigning over the seas. Here is all the hope and horror, the glory and the ignominy, the nobility and the venery. This Venice exists only in the reflections of the water, in another dimension entirely. This, you might say, is the real Venice, being the Venice that the tourists come to see and dream of having seen. Few are lucky enough to find it except fleetingly in the canvases of Tintoretto, Titian and perhaps Guardi. These paintings are also defined by their dimension — one only. Perhaps reality only has a single dimension, and the other two are counterfeits, tricks, some kind of universal kaleidoscope, shifting and changing with each turn of the Earth. But enough. We do not speculate here in the Reflection. It is discouraged. It may lead us to prove that we cannot exist. We just go on. Come, let us walk around the *Bucintoro*. I shall show you my collection of galley slaves."

> "If you think this is a *carnevale*, my son, you should have been here for the *carnevale* of 1795. Hoooeee!"

The Doge took his elbow, leading him gently aft. Marina followed. He was still a little frightened, filled as he was with tales of the cruelty of ancient Venice, of the much feared Council of Ten, of bodies sliding under cover of moonlight into the canals to sink beneath the slime forever, of the dungeons and the ingenious torture machines beneath the palace of the Doges. But here he was in the presence of history. He overcame his fear, and spoke.

"Excellency, you told me that you were the last Doge. What were the circumstances that led to the end of the line?"

"Aaah, sorry times had befallen Venice, my son. For 200 years, she was the most powerful city-state in the world, ruling the seas, conquering all before her: Genoa, Bassano, Beluna, Padua, Verona . . . The outposts of her empire stretched to China; she maintained castles and troops in Crete, Cyprus, Malta. In art, trade, craftsmanship, seamanship, architecture and music, no-one could approach her. Then, in the middle of the 15th Century, the accursed Turks took Constantinople, and were a constant threat to her ever after. By the time I was elected Doge, in 1795, she had sunk to depths of depravity and licentiousness unknown since Sodom and Gomorrah." He drew himself up and sniffed the air with pride. "That is the thing about the Serenissima, Signor — what she does, she does with all her might. As merchants, we Venetians were unparalleled; as sailors, invincible; as courtesans and debauchees, none lower. It was said of Venetians at the time of my Dogeship that 'The men are women, the women are men, and all are monkeys.' If you think this is a *carnevale*, my son, you should have been here for the *carnevale* of 1795. Hoooeee!

"Eventually, that coarse little Corsican, himself no mean debauchee, decided that enough was enough. Under threat of invasion and ruination, I surrendered. And have been vilified and reviled for doing so ever since. But what was I to do? What was poor Venice to do, exhausted from copulation and *carnevale*, dancing and debauchery? How could she fight the armies of Napoleon? And so, I capitulated. And Napoleon handed her to Austria, like some slave woman seconded to the harem." At this point, the Doge became aware of Marina as a single perfect tear rolled down her cheek. He encircled her with his arms, comforting her. "And there she stayed. Austrians strutted across San Marco, sailed on the canals, moored their craft by San Basilio. Until another Manin, Daniele, exhorted her to rebellion in 1848, and the Austrians were expelled and held at bay by the Venetian citizens for one year. But the Austrians re-entered the city in 1849. In 1866, Venice became part of the Kingdom of Italy. And you have seen her today: a museum, a mannequin, a town

Continued on page 114

FILM

ONE WITH THE LOT

Lili Taylor, Annabel Gish and Julia Roberts — fresh new faces all — star in the light, diverting and sneak-up-on-you moving romantic comedy **Mystic Pizza**. While the odd title smacks of some New Age Italian takeaway dish, it refers more prosaically to the pizza joint in Mystic, Connecticut, where the three girls work as waitresses and talk about life, sex and men — what they want in their men, what they get from their men and where is it all heading? Few could fail to be affected by their amusing and touching attempts to make sense of it all. Directed by Donald Petrie, this one comes recommended.

Starring Ben Kingsley, Helen Mirren and Charles Dance, **Pascali's Island** looks a winner before it gets off the proverbial starting blocks. With quality cinematography thrown in, a rapturous Greek Islands setting and a scintillating whiff of murder and intrigue, the film should have the film pervs queuing in their bereted hordes. And yet, despite its deliciously chewy elements, and through no fault of its players, *Pascali's Island* falters in confusion that hints that this was once a longer and even more complex film that has been edited down to manageable proportions. The film is set in 1908 on a tiny Aegean outpost of the disintegrating Ottoman Empire. As Greek resistance stiffens against Turkish domination and international interests move into the territories to carve up the Empire's spoils, Basil Pascali (Kingsley), a small time Turkish spy long established on the island, finds himself a tool of many opposing forces in an atmosphere of tangled intrigue. As a friend to all he is inevitably a friend to none and the catalyst in a string of betrayals and a tragedy that sees Pascali himself shatteringly betrayed. Kingsley's performance is superb and but one recommendation to see this tantalising though perplexingly choppy film.

Dear America is a docudrama that reveals the American experience in Vietnam through the narration of actual letters written home by GIs. Against a background of news footage, actors including Martin Sheen, Robert De Niro, Willem Dafoe, Michael J. Fox, Tom Berenger, Kathleen Turner and Robin Williams narrate some 60 letters which tell the story from 1965 to 1969. Springsteen donated his hit "Born In The USA" to the soundtrack, which also features hits from The Band, Creedence Clearwater, The Doors, Hendrix, Buffalo Springfield, Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones.

A Fish Called Wanda teamed British and American stars in offbeat comedy and cracked the elusive pot of gold. On a similar tack, **High Spirits** aims for the same pot and succeeds in merely piddling in it. Peter O'Toole, Darryl Hannah and Steve Guttenberg star in this Neil Jordan-directed kooky spooky. O'Toole plays Peter Plunkett, an Irish hotelier who decides to engineer a haunting to boost bookings. Hannah is the ghostess with the mostess. Unfortunately neither work well with a plot and script that raises neither hair nor chuckles, but rather an uncomfortable feeling of puzzlement as to what all the farce is about. It's easy to get smart and dismiss *High Spirits* as more *ecch* than ectoplasm. It's also easy to get smart and spend your money elsewhere. — *C.J.M.*

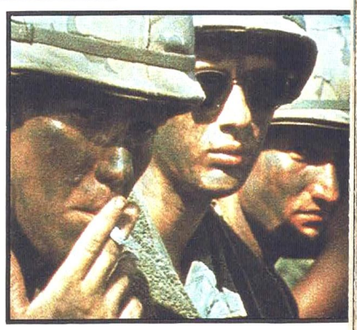
If you can say one thing for the movies of Oliver Stone, it's of his usually successful attempts to capture *real* life. From *Salvador* to *Platoon* to *Wall Street*, he's into people and places and slices of social and political history. In **Talk Radio**, Stone has set himself a challenge. The quest has been to make reel one of the most unreal environments anyone could conjure. Dallas, Texas. Radio studio. Talk back personality. Airwaves. How many different angles can you get within the confines of a radio studio? There are no faces put to voices on the other end of the line for Barry Champlain — the outspoken Jewboy who rises to fame and infamy simply by getting up noses in the heart of redneck country. And then dies. Slayed.

The recipe for this movie thus boils down to two imperatives: get a bloody good actor (Eric Bogosian — mission accomplished) and make sure he's saying bloody interesting things (two out of two). The rest of the movie will take care of itself because it's real — at least *based* on the true story of murdered disc jockey Alan Berg.

With those limitations in mind, Stone has pulled it off. Here's a movie to make anyone squeamish. It took days for this one to wash off.

This is not a movie for the claustrophobic nor the xenophobic. Then again, maybe that's exactly who it *is* right for. — *Graem Sims*

From the top: Helen Mirren and Charles Dance in Pascali's Island; Scenes from Dear America, a docudrama of the American experience in Vietnam.

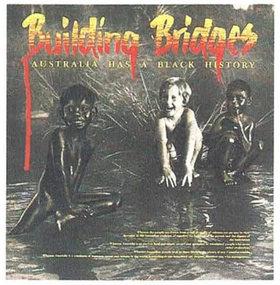


SOUNDS

THE BLACK ALBUM

Clockwise from far left: Nothing drab about the Building Bridges compilation; Earnest effort from Big Storm; Trip to Wollongong from Johnny Goodman; Chaka Khan's many talents showcased.

The persecution and discrimination handed out to the Aboriginal population is well documented. *Building Bridges* (CBS) is a double album from both black and white performers to draw attention to this plight and to raise funds for the National Coalition of Aboriginal Organisations, which helps negotiate with government bodies. Artists range from the overtly political like **No Fixed Address**, **Midnight Oil** and **Spy Vs Spy** to the simply supportive like **Crowded House**. This is no drab lecturn banging. As outspoken Aboriginal spokesman Gary Foley writes: "I hope this album inspires you to join with us who believe it (ie justice) can be done. If not, then be a mindless, apathetic bastard and at least enjoy the music!"



Sydney outfit **Big Storm** boast sidemen from bands like the Divinyls and Dragon and are now making a play to be the bad boys of rock in their own right. Singer Stewart D'Arrietta may have been *Living In Exile* (WEA) from the charts since the demise of his career as *A Man In Love* but he's been busy (probably gargling nicotine and Scotch) trying to perfect a Billy Idol sneering growl. The lads prefer a slow, thumping plod that makes it easy to follow. However without a huge sound system pummelling your lower abdomen into submission, the tracks all tend to merge into an earnest but indistinct rumble.

From big murk to the *Big Time* (Island) with **Tom Waits**. Here he and band strut their live stuff — murk with mirth. Odd percussion, horns, guitars, keys and accordian romp and shuffle while the romantic's version of a morning-after Randy Newman gruffs and growls his way straight through the middle of it all. And remember, "Never drive a car when you're dead!"

One famous ex-motorist is the king of bitter sweet, **Roy Orbison**. His soaring falsetto was heard at strategic moments of the Travelling Wilburys. Before his death he recorded ten brand new songs. *The Only One* (Virgin) has help from U2's Edge and Bono, George Harrison, Elvis Costello and others, but it's Orbison's extraordinary voice that features.

The Castanet Club exploded, or at least popped out of the far north (Newcastle) to ravage audiences with its menage of characters expounding the Sixties and other things generally kitsch. One of its founders, **Johnny Goodman**, has also had a past in the deep south (Wollongong) which he regales us with on his first appropriately titled solo disc *Johnny Goodman* (Regular). Fellow Castanati help out on some tracks while Johnny's often tremulous songs from the heart take us on a "this is your life" journey. He claims to be influenced by Bobby Limb but often sounds like those surf bands you may have heard thrashing it out in garages in the Sixties.

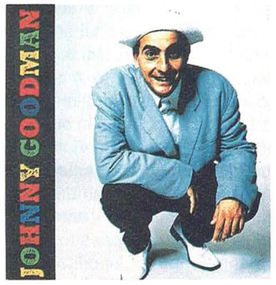
With many colors on her palette is **Chaka Khan**. She's already shown herself to be a masterful interpreter from bebop standards to disco funk. *CK* (WEA) showcases her in several of those settings. Her more standard pop funk is in evidence on tracks like "Make It Last" and the Womack And Womack track "It's My Party." She also does justice to the old Stevie Wonder "Signed Sealed Delivered I'm Yours." She stretches her jazz wings on the big ballads "The End Of A Love Affair" and "I'll Be Around," where she threatens to do a Shirley Bassey but skeeters off into more low key hip — complete with Miles

Davis on trumpet. Davis also adds some stellar doodles to one of the two Prince tracks Chaka tackles.

Speaking of Prince, his young sister **Tyka Nelson** has entered the pop arena with *Royal Blue* (Chrysalis). The influences are obvious, as is her lack of musical maturity. At this stage the cool funky groove becomes eventually bland and then as compelling as fingernails dragged down a blackboard.

Now firmly established "over there", **Renee Geyer** has her first fully fledged OS band with *Easy Pieces* (A&M). The vocals are shared, with Renee's gutsy soul voice offset by Hamish Stuart's (Average White Band) often brassy falsetto. Enlisting the services of notoriously good black bass and drums in Anthony Jackson and Steve Ferrone, all looks promising on paper. However, the result is often like a cross between Bon Jovi and Chicago — puerile funk with a mature thump. Elsewhere it becomes anonymous white soul geared exclusively for radio Middle America.

And for some nostalgia about pop songs you wouldn't be ashamed to be caught singing outside the confines of your shower, get into the **Sweet Atmosphere** (Jarra Hill) of local musical archaeologists George Washingmachine (violin) and Ian Date (guitar) — classic hot swing from the Twenties and Thirties. — *Jeremy Cook*



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MARINA

Continued from page 110

for romantics and aimless wanderers." The Doge looked at him sternly. He was about to protest, but thinking better of it, nodded sagely.

They had reached the raised afterdeck. They climbed a staircase. This level was crowded with ornately dressed bishops and clergymen, courtiers and dignitaries. They parted respectfully as the Doge and his companion walked slowly past. He ushered them into a dark doorway leading down to the galley deck. As he passed through the doorway, he barked an order at one of the cloaked crewmembers: "*Forza! Andiamo!*" Moorings were cast. The *Bucintoro*, creaking and groaning, slipped out into the canal.

From the deck below there came the sound of music, music that was vaguely familiar. As he followed Marina and the Doge down the dark companionway, he searched through the melodies in his memory for this one. It was harpsichord music — elegant, measured, circular in its motifs.

"Vivaldi!" he exclaimed. "*The Four Seasons*. Spring."

The Doge turned and smiled. "Quite correct, my young friend. There is one difference here in the Reflection. It is Father Vivaldi himself who plays for us, and for the rhythm of the oars."

They descended to the lower deck, and there, seated at a delicately carved harpsichord on a raised dais, was a small neat man in black vestments. He smiled graciously and bowed to the Doge and his companions without missing a beat.

They walked past the harpsichord and along the narrow aisle separating the straining galley slaves. They rowed swiftly and the deck was filled with the creaking of oars, the grunting of exertion. As he accustomed himself to the light, dingily supplied from overhead candles, he saw a very unusual collection of galley slaves. Indeed, they were not as he had imagined galley slaves at all, being, so it seemed, gentlemen, well dressed, bewigged, with many elderly, scholarly types amongst them.

"And now, Signor," intoned the Doge, "behold our galley slaves." They walked along the aisle, the Doge gesturing to each one, as if to introduce them to his companions. "Jacopo Rubusti Tintoretto; next to him, Signor Tiziano Vecellio Titian; behind them the Signors Jacopo and Gentili Bellini; then Antonio Canal Canaletto alongside Francesco Guardi. Along here, may I present Herrs Richard Wagner and Thomas Mann; Signors Giovanni-Giacomo Casanova and Andrea Palladio. The Baron Corvo; next to him, the Lord Byron." There they all were, and many more he didn't recognise, in the costumes of four centuries.

"I am charged with supporting this infernal Reflection," the Doge explained. "And I must do so. They are happy to support the ideal of Venice. Once this barge is unmanned, once these ghosts quit their posts, then Venice sinks, subsides back to the marshes from whence she sprang.

"And now my children, come," beamed the Doge, the magnanimous, the Father of the Reflection, bestowing favors on his chosen two. "I shall show you to your bedchamber, so that you may indulge your love for one another here on my *Bucintoro*."

He looked quickly across to Marina, who threw him a smile of such radiance and promise that his knees all but melted beneath him.

They followed the Doge for'ard, past the galley slaves, up a small companionway to a row of carved wooden doors. At the end door, the Doge bowed low and ushered them past, swinging wide the door on the room within. They walked in side by side. The door clicked gently shut behind them.

He looked slowly around the room, taking in the rich tapestries, the walls hung with soft seductive textiles, velvets, taffetas, damasks, satins and silks. At the end of the room, dominating it, covered in heavy cotton sheets and turned down for occupancy, was a gigantic double bed constructed entirely of cut glass. His eyes completed their circumnavigation of this, the most sumptuous of rooms, and ended on Marina, the most sumptuous of women. Her eyes sparkled; her breath was short.

"Come" was the first and last word she said. They fell out of their clothes and on to the bed. Her entire body had the cool, almost hydraulic resilience he had felt in her hand. Their lovemaking flowed, swam, poured from one to the other. They seemed to switch roles, genitalia, dominance, submission. At one moment she was soft, yielding, enveloping; the next, thrusting, firm, insistent. For the first time in his life, he felt totally satisfied. Previously, it had been give, take, handing a gift across a chasm, accepting back from the same distance. He had always wanted to make love with his whole spirit, both sides of his sexuality, almost genderless. He had wanted flesh and spirit to merge into one, into his flesh, his spirit, so that there was no division, no line, so that two became one. With Marina, it happened.

> Her entire body had the cool, almost hydraulic resilience he had felt in her hand. Their lovemaking flowed.

At last, after what seemed like hours, they were spent. He lay face down, buried in her black hair, his arm across her belly, his hand feeling the rise and fall of her breath in time with his own. There was silence, but for the rhythmic creaking of the barge, the distant sound of the harpsichord.

"Marina," he breathed into her ear.

"Sssssshhhh," she sighed from deep within her pillow.

"We must talk."

"We must be silent."

"I know nothing of you."

"There is nothing to tell."

"Who are you?"

"I am Marina."

"But is Marina an actress, a countess, a courtesan, an artist or an illusion?"

"Marina is Venice."

"I do not believe you."

"I never, never tell a lie. But the truth, not to everyone."

"Why do you complicate everything?"

"Venice is complicated. You must remember, Caro, nothing is ever quite certain."

"But I love you. I have never experienced anything like that. When will I see you again?"

"Perhaps never," she murmured, rolling over, suddenly sitting up. The sound of the barge's creaking had stopped. Now there was only silence.

"You must be satisfied. It is enough, what we have had."

"We belong together."

"No, I belong together. Come." She leapt to her feet, sliding back into her costume. "We must go."

He lay sullenly on the bed. He felt as though he had grown a miraculous new organ, one that filled his body with well-being and joy, only to have it cut out and thrown in the dust. They had been together perhaps six hours, and it felt as though time had begun with Marina, and each second since then counted as one golden hour.

Reluctantly he stood and dressed, the act an agony. When they emerged on the deck the barge was deserted; the lights, the courtiers and galley slaves, the Doge and the crew, had all gone. Blackness spread around them . . . They were moored to a wharf. They sprang on to it. Marina grabbed his hand urgently, pulling him along the canalside. He ran with her,

Continued on page 144

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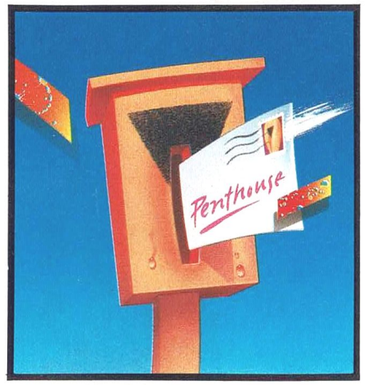
PRINCESS PISCES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

"You couldn't call me much of an astrology buff," admits Carol Frazier. "Frankly, I'm more interested in the buff side of things. But, yes, I have a nickname — Princess Pisces. I don't suppose I mind it — but sometimes I think it makes me sound like a racehorse or something."

"I've never quite known what to make of being likened to a fish. I mean, I like catching fish; I like eating fish; I think fish can be very beautiful, even. But fish are one creature I must say don't have much personality."



FORUM

Continued from page 16

greeted me was unperturbed by my request but had to check with the other ladies about the price. She was gone for what seemed an eternity. When she finally returned, she said that ten dollars would secure the object of my passion.

She closed the door and sat down on the bed. She lifted her skirt to her waist and removed her pantyhose. She then stood up and, again lifting her skirt, quickly drew down her panties. They were bikini pants, ironically His Pants For Her.

I thanked her nervously as she handed them to me. I could feel the warmth of her body still clinging to them.

When I got back into my car, I sniffed and sniffed at the crotch of the panties. They had just a *soupcon* of that unmistakable pussy smell. I was in heaven.

Buoyed by the success of this first foray into the realm of slightly-used intimate apparel, I could not help trying a second time. I drove straight to another brothel, a gracious establishment in one of the city's yuppie precincts.

Here I was even more fortunate. Not only did the young lady who greeted me agree to my request, she suggested I take off her panties myself.

I reached up her dress and gently eased down her cotton panties, catching sight of her downy pussy as I did so. Almost overcome, I asked whether I might touch her there, between her legs. Smiling, she lifted her dress and parted her thighs. I caressed the exquisitely soft, dark pubic hair and the delicate lips beneath.

All this for ten dollars! When the moment ended, I mumbled my thanks and left, unable to believe my good fortune. — *Name and address withheld*

Paradise found

After a long year of particularly hard and trying work, my wife Annie and I were both in need of a holiday so we booked two weeks on the Gold Coast. We were both looking forward to a lazy and relaxing time. A short time before we were due to go, we discovered that a long time friend of ours, Beverley, would also be staying close by at the same time.

Bev had been a friend of mine for a long time, even before I had met and married Annie. Neither of us had ever thought of the other in sexual terms. When I started going out with Annie, she met Bev and the three of us became good friends, often going out together.

When we arrived at our destination on the Gold Coast, we were delighted to discover that the accommodation consisted of a flat in a high rise complex with views out over the Broadwater. It was ultra modern and as well as having everything that opened and shut, it also had its own spa pool, where we could sit and gaze out over the lights of the Gold Coast while being massaged by the effervescence of the pool.

We arranged to meet Bev for tea one evening during the holidays, and then sample some of the Gold Coast's famed nightlife. She came around to our place at about 4 o'clock, and we adjourned to a nearby hotel where we sat in the landscaped gardens, had a drink and caught up on what had been happening.

At this point I should point out that Annie and I share a very active and adventurous sex life. Fantasy plays a big part in our lives, and one recurring fantasy which we both enjoyed was to take part in a threesome. It had, however, remained a fantasy, because no opportunity had ever presented itself that would enable us to actually turn it into reality. That was in the process of changing.

As we sat drinking, a subtle change in mood came over us. Perhaps it was the holiday atmosphere combined with the alcohol we were consuming. At any rate, for the first time I began to look at Bev from a different viewpoint. She is by no means unattractive, and has never suffered from a lack of male company, and for the first time I found myself mentally undressing her as we sat talking. Unlike Annie she does not have large breasts, but this did not worry me as I have always liked variety. My mind wandered to her pussy, and I found myself imagining what it would be like to push my rapidly hardening cock into her well-lubricated hole.

At that stage Annie suggested that we have some tea at a nearby restaurant, which we readily agreed to. Following tea I suggested we go back to our place and have a swim in the pool and perhaps then adjourn to our flat to have a spa. To my surprise both Bev and Annie jumped at the idea. Before we went downstairs for a swim I set the spa going so that it would be at a comfortable temperature when we came back.

The pool was deserted, which in itself was surprising as there was almost always someone swimming at any time of day or night. As we swam lazily in the still and semi-darkened pool I could feel the tension rising in me. Several times I brushed my hand against the thin material of Bev's costume, feeling the hardness of her nipple. To my surprise she either did not feel me or, if she did, she showed no reaction. None of us said much, perhaps all feeling the tension in the air.

We finished our swim and went back up in the lift to our flat. I checked the spa and invited the two girls to join me. I immediately dropped my wet swimming costume and climbed in. If either of them was at all shy, they certainly did not show it. They both peeled off their costumes and stepped into the spa with me.

At first we were a little embarrassed and uncertain of what to do next, but Annie saved the day by asking if we would like drinks. We both said yes, so Annie stepped from the spa and went to the kitchen to pour some wine. I looked across at Bev, who was obviously enjoying herself, lying back in the spa with her breasts just half floating above and below the surface. I move closer and gently reached up and took a nipple between my fingers. She looked at me and smiled but still did nothing.

"I never realised what sexy nipples you had," I said.

"Thank you," she replied, "but don't you think that Annie will mind? I wouldn't want to upset her."

"If that's all that's worrying you," I replied, "I can assure you that she will be as enthusiastic about this as I am. We have both fantasised about this for a long time now, but neither of us really knew how to initiate the situation."

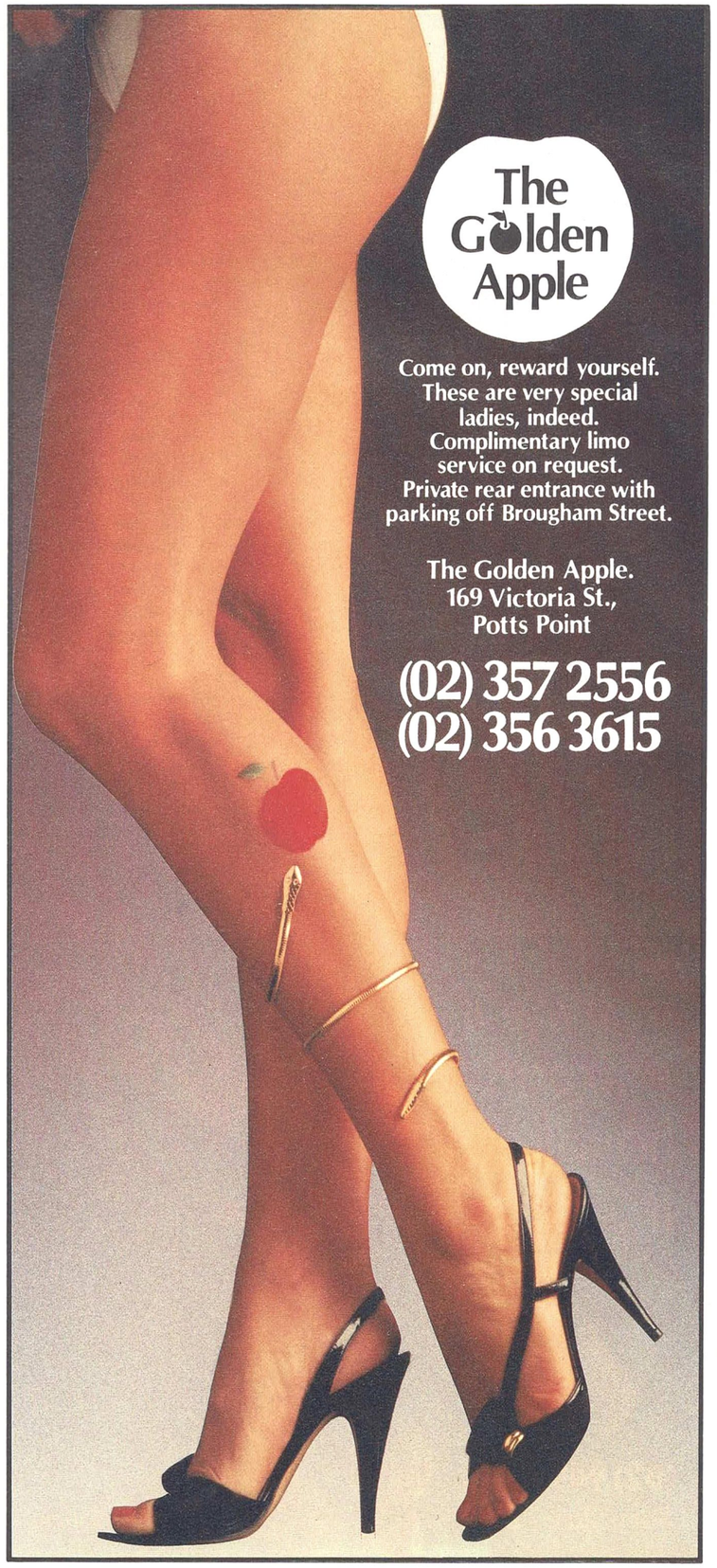
With that she reached across to me and took my cock in her hand and gently but sensuously ran her fingers over my shaft. At that moment Annie returned with the drinks, and for a moment I was a little unsure of her reaction. I mean, it's one thing to fantasise, but entirely another thing to enter a room and see your husband and your friend in the early stages of lovemaking. I needn't have worried. Annie just smiled at us both, looked at me and winked.

"You're starting without me," she said. "I want to have my share."

With that the ice was broken and Annie entered the spa and sat on my other side and kissed me deeply on the mouth. All the time Bev was fondling my cock and balls, which by this time had developed a feeling of erotic urgency. No sooner was I sucking on one woman's breast than I would feel my balls being cupped by the other and my cock being stroked in a most sensual manner. Bev then admitted that she had always had a secret desire to feel another woman's body.

"Be my guest," I replied, moving aside and placing Annie in between us.

As I kissed her deeply, Bev took one of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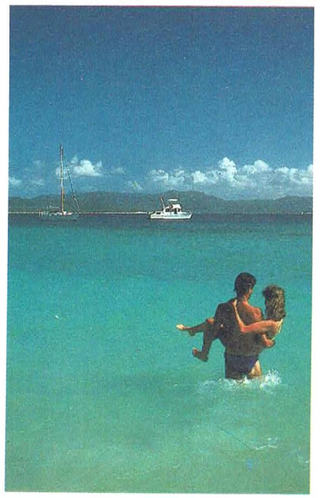

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FORUM

Annie's nipples into her mouth and sucked gently on it, all the time kneading it with her tongue. Annie tipped her head back and moaned with pleasure at the sheer enjoyment of two such willing partners.

"Why don't we all go into the bedroom?" I said, and with that we towelled ourselves dry and went inside.

Immediately I lay on the bed, Bev went down on my cock and sucked me long and hard, while Annie straddled my face and moved her by now dripping pussy over me while I used my tongue to bring her to heights of pleasure. We then swapped about and I went down on Bev, while Annie took up the job which Bev had started, sucking my cock. It wasn't long before Bev's body tensed and she moaned with pleasure as she was engulfed by wave after wave of orgasm.

"Now it's your turn," I said directing my attention to Annie, and I went down on her dripping pussy and teased her clit, which by now was erect and hard.

As I tongued her, Bev twitched her nipples which were also standing to attention, and it was only a matter of minutes before she also was moaning as orgasms engulfed her body. I then slid my throbbing cock into Bev's moist hole and pumped furiously. Her eyes rolled as she was again racked with a massive orgasm which caused her body to stiffen under mine. I moved off her and thrust my cock into Annie, as this has always been part of the fantasy — to go from one woman to another, with my cock still glistening with moisture. Annie received me joyfully and it was all I could do to keep from coming as Annie's body tensed for another orgasm.

I now felt that I couldn't keep from coming any longer, and I again entered Bev and began to thrust slowly and deeply. Annie came behind me and cupped my balls and squeezed with gentle pressure. This sent me over the top and I came with an orgasm the likes of which I had rarely enjoyed. My orgasm just kept coming and coming and I felt as though I must have pumped out gallons of come.

Thoroughly drained, we all collapsed on the bed, enjoying the closeness of our bodies.

Strange to say, we have not repeated the night as we have never quite had the same free and abandoned feelings that we had that night. We put it down to the holiday atmosphere.

Nonetheless, it has not stopped our fantasies. We still fantasise about threesomes (with another man for Annie), and even foursomes, and if either of these happens, I promise another letter. — *Name and address withheld*

A fine romance

I work in a small clothes shop in a town in southern NSW. One day a gorgeous, well-built guy came in, and asked for some advice on what sort of jocks turn girls on. I was glad to help, and showed him the range we offered. He picked some regular jockette hipsters, as well as a red G-string.

He also picked two pairs of tight stretch jeans, and asked to try them on. I showed him the change rooms and offered to wait outside, should he need help. He soon called me in, and asked for my opinion on the pair he was wearing. They were very tight, and I said that they looked great, but asked to see him in the other pair.

He said "Okay", and before I could leave, he started to take off the pair that he was wearing. When they were fully off, I noticed the huge bulge in his tight jocks. He decided to try the jocks on instead!

He slipped his old pair off and his semi-erect cock sprang out and my eyes were glued. I told him that he had a lovely cock and he said he would love to see my breasts. I took my blouse off and he started on my erect tits. I grasped his fully erect hot pole and started to squeeze it. He groaned in ecstasy and rubbed my moist cunt through my mini.

I let go and undid his shirt, and admired his sexy, lightly tanned, hairless, gorgeous, spunky chest. I licked his left nipple and felt him fingering my slit. He unzipped my mini skirt and it fell in a flop to the ground. He then slipped my lacey, moist panties off and we hugged each other tightly. I then suggested we continue in my flat out the back where we would have more room.

I went out and closed the shop, with just a blouse and mini on (it was nearly 6 o'clock, anyway) and then went into my flat. On the bed was his beautiful, tanned, muscular body, with his legs spread apart and his meat reaching above his belly-button. I ripped off my blouse and mini, and pounced on him, feeling his rigid tool slap on to my stomach. I could feel my vaginal juices flow from my cunt as I rubbed my pussy along his shaft. Then I slowly moved down, until my lips were against his throbbing, purple knob. I circled his knob with my tongue, then ran it down the full length of his cock while gently tickling his balls. Then I opened my mouth and took in the head. I started to suck, while running my tongue around his spoof-hole.

I gradually increased the speed and intensity of my actions, and took more of his delicious cock into my mouth. Soon his cock jerked, and his delicious, salty come exploded in my mouth. The thrill of having my mouth filled with his tasty spoof made me climax right then.

I felt his scrumptious spunk trickle down the side of my mouth and I let his limp cock out of my mouth so I could lick the remaining meal off my lips. Next he bent down and tongue-fucked my fuck-hole. I groaned loudly while he slurped on my juices. After a while, he stopped and got me on my hands and knees and took me from behind. I could tell he was ready to shoot again because he was bulging inside me. He shot off and I could feel the mixture going through my cunt.

We were both exhausted and laughed

while we lay on the bed. I suddenly realised that I didn't even know his name. I asked him and he said it was Jeff. I told him mine and we passionately French kissed.

This happened a few months ago and he now lives with me. — *Name and address withheld*

Double feature

Suzy and I had been going "sort of" steady during our last year of high school. We dated regularly, and even wound up in the backseat of Dad's Holden for a hot grope. Suzy was pretty much a "good girl," keeping her panties on no matter what I tried, but more than once she strayed, at my insistence, into attempts at fellatio.

I say "attempts" because Suzy still wore braces, and although Frenching with her and fondling those firm, young breasts never ceased to make my member as hard as a Sanskrit sliderule, I could only take the pain of the scraping metalwork so long before I settled for a handjob.

The night of the school dance was going to change all that, however. The braces had recently been removed, and Suzy's suggestive glances in the hallway between classes led me to believe I was in for something special. But when this young knight in shining armor, proud lance primed and ready, gave the fair damsel a call to confirm when I should pick her up, she uttered those cock-softening words: "I've already made plans for the weekend."

I was crushed. It was too late to get another date — by then, even the best of the also-rans were taken. Nothing left to do but look good in the eyes of my parents by giving them the night off and volunteering to close up the movie theatre. It was a family business and I knew every job. Besides, after closing I could start the movie again, tip back with some cold beers, and have the place to myself.

Dad welcomed my gift and tossed me the keys. He told me the only change of schedule tonight was that he had hired a new cleaning woman and that I would have to show her the ropes. No problem, I thought. Show the old woman the broom and the mop, eat what was left of the popcorn, and be plenty thirsty for that beer when she was done.

After a particularly good night at the box office, I had just rewound the movie and turned up the house lights when I heard a knock at the front door. Waiting there was a tall, dark-haired woman in skintight jeans and a blue work shirt, red heels, and a bandannna tying back her long hair. And did she have tits! Bringing me back to reality — and my lower jaw back to its regular position — she said "Hi, I'm Lacey, the new cleaning woman."

All right, Dad! I quickly ushered Lacey in, locked the door, and got right to it, showing her what to do — cleaning the theatre, that is. I found myself doing most of the work, running the vacuum, emptying the garbage, cleaning the snack bar area, constantly explaining in detail to Lacey how important this work was. She was a most attentive student, staying close enough to me most of the time so I was aware of her perfume, much more exciting and mature than dumb old Suzy's. And although they were nice, Suzy's breasts were small potatoes in comparison to the mammary mountains of Lacey. As we worked, things got warmer (Dad was a miser — I always had to shut off the air-conditioning during the last reel of the movie), and I noticed a few buttons being loosened on Lacey's work shirt.

After about 20 minutes of this, I mentioned that it certainly was getting warm and I asked Lacey if she'd mind if I removed my shirt. "Sounds like a good idea. I think I'll join you," she said, as she unbuttoned her shirt and pulled the tails out of those tight jeans. As she put her arms back to remove the sleeves, her tits jutted toward me, constrained in a red lacy bra that didn't seem strong enough to hold such flesh. Without a word, just a "go ahead" look from Lacey, I reached up to touch her breasts, which even through the bra felt warm and wonderful. Lacey quickly unclipped the bra in back and the mounds fell right into my hands! I came with a groan right there and then.

As I gained my composure, I noticed I was blushing, but Lacey didn't seem to notice. Instead, she kneeled in front of me and unbuckled and unzipped my jeans, pulling them down around my knees. "Oooh, I love a cock with icing on it," Lacey said. She then began to hungrily lick the come off my soft cock and around my balls, her hot breath bringing my manhood back to life. Without even taking me fully into her mouth, Lacey had me hard in a matter of minutes. She then stood up and suggested she show me how to use my tool.

She wriggled out of her jeans, her beautiful breasts swaying in front of me, revealing a thick bush of dark wet pubic hair. We embraced, our tongues entwined as she rubbed her coarse bush into my cock and balls, bringing me even closer to the boiling point. "Ever taken a girl from behind, stud?" Lacey asked. I didn't have the time to tell her I'd never taken a girl from anywhere, before she bent over a seat, exposing her big soft arse and pink wet pussy. I stepped right up and in, just as if I was born to work, easing my stiff prick into the hottest, wettest, tightest place it had ever been.

Lacey took control, wiggling her arse back against me, causing my cock to rub against the walls of her pussy. She rose up slightly, taking my hands off her arse and putting them on her breasts, where I found her hot rock-hard nipples. Lacey would moan loudly whenever I tugged them just the least bit. I massaged those mounds as she continued to work her arse back into my cock, finally so strongly that she knocked me back down into a seat with her in my lap, my cock still in her pussy.

As I tugged on her nipples and fondled her tits, Lacey pumped up and down on my cock, screaming louder than any of the teenagers at the slasher movies — and much more sexily! My balls were burning as I felt her pussy walls tightening on me, forcing my come to explode inside Lacey stronger than I ever remember it having had before.

We remained in that position, with me fondling Lacey's mammaries and kissing the sweat from her naked back as she reached down to fondle my balls. My cock once again began to stiffen, as it would several more times that night.

Lacey quit soon after to work elsewhere, but not before she left me with a special package containing her red bra along with a short note I still bring out on quiet nights: "A little something to remember me by, stud. Maybe I'll see you at the movies sometime." Lacey, I can hardly wait! — *Name and address withheld*

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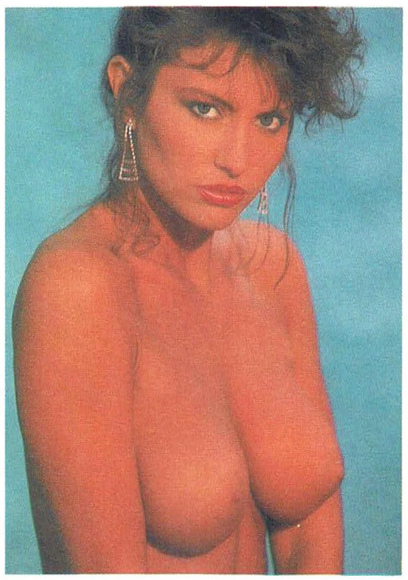
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Twenty-four-year-old Kimberley Marshall took herself a gamble on a career in movies — and has landed herself several leading roles in Hollywood horror films. "I usually play the terror-stricken-yet-courageous female chased by the monsters. Some great looking guys play the ghouls. I'd love to have one or two of those demons carry me off to a den."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Surprisingly, Kimberly says she's never really thought of herself as a sexy woman. "But sensual? That's another story."



FITNESS

Continued from page 103

drink. He'd be drunk and he'd wander up from the gym to football training and he'd be vomiting and all that, but he'd keep going and never, ever stop, especially because the kids were watching. He wouldn't let them see him vomit — excuse me, but he'd eat it and keep going. I love Tommy.

Pearce: In football I always admired Ray Price as a player. When I was at school he'd just switched from Union to League. He was a workaholic on the field and I admired that. Not pissing in Jeff's pocket, but in the last few years I've admired the way he approaches his fights. I'm also an admirer of the decathletes, Daley Thompson in particular.

Mercer: There was no single figure for me, but I've always looked up to Muhammad Ali. I like watching people fight; it gets me psyched up. I've got a few videos of historical fights that I sometimes watch.

Penthouse: What would you say is the real reason you decided you had to be the best: love of the sport, money, desire for self-improvement, or simply ego, which you might call pride in yourself?

Mercer: To get to the top of your sport and be recognised for the hard work you've done —obviously a bit's got to be coming out of your ego if you've decided nothing's going to stop you from getting to the top. There are times when things get in front of you and you've just got to climb over them. A lot of it is love of the sport, but sometimes ego's got to creep in there too.

Penthouse: Did all of you always have to win, ever since you were little kids?

Pearce: Yeah. That was my attitude when I was young. Even when I came into grade football, every run we did at training — whether it was a 200 or 400 or 800 or whatever — I always had to try and win. I used to go home afterwards and I'd be spewing, on the toilet, really crook . . . This went on for a couple of years, and I said to myself: "This is stupid." Because the more I tried to do that, the more everyone else tried to beat me — but they'd take it in turns trying to beat me in different runs. Les Hobbs, our conditioner, said to me: "Mate, why are you doing this?" I sort of thought, well, I'm mad, aren't I? So now I know what's a good training session for me, but I feel I've got nothing to prove to anyone now.

Fenech: Well, I'm still that way now. I don't let anyone beat me on a run. I run five or six kilometres every morning and I'll never be beaten on it.

Penthouse: Do you remember, as a kid, thinking you were different from the others in that you had this insatiable need to win?

Mercer: Not really. I mean, in training I might be paddling a ski against guys who are purely ski paddlers, whereas I'm not, so it's all right if I get beaten once or twice by them, but I don't let them get on top of me. I like to beat them at least once or twice in a session.

Fenech: I don't think I was that lucky as a kid. I never used to win all the time. I think all the hard work I've put in has made me a winner.

Pearce: The reason I got so much into fitness in my late teens was that I didn't consider myself to have outstanding natural skills, so I tried to compensate for that in the other major area of football, which is fitness. I still tried to improve my skills, but I thought fitness was the area with most potential for improvement, so I went from there.

Fenech: You haven't asked us about sex before the event . . .

Penthouse: I assume it makes no difference whatsoever.

> "There are other sports I wouldn't do, like motorcycle racing. Those guys have got a screw loose. Then there's boxing . . ."

Fenech: I can vouch for that. I was talking to Viv Richards the other day about it. I was only joking when I said he'd better not get up to anything because he had to play the next day, and he must have thought: "These boxers don't have sex or anything" so he said: "Oh, no, man, I wouldn't do that." He thought I was really serious about it all. Then he added: "Oh, all right — as long as I get in before midnight."

Penthouse: In the boxing literature it's been mentioned that some fighters habitually had sex in the dressing room just prior to a fight, as a sort of ritualistic assertion of their masculinity.

Fenech: I don't know anyone who'd be that stupid. But I can't sleep the night before a fight if I don't. As long as it's early in the night, I figure I might as well — although I've got to perform, you know, so it takes a bit longer for me (*Laughs*). Sometimes I feel really tense and can't sleep, and that's the only way I can relax.

Penthouse: You're all involved in extremely tough sports. Is there a sport that strikes you as something you could never, ever do?

Fenech: I'd like to run the Sydney to Melbourne marathon. But I don't reckon I could do the sort of training Darren does. Counting those tiles and looking at that black line for hours — no way.

Pearce: Yeah. I feel the same way about swimming.

Fenech: The thing is, if you run five kilometres in 20 minutes it's as good as doing ten kilometres in an hour. I mean, if you do things hard and do them properly — explosively — I reckon it's better and more enjoyable than that grinding, boring, repetitious sort of training.

Mercer: Yeah. When you're running with a mate you can talk, ski paddling you can talk, board paddling you can talk, at football training you can talk — but with swimming, you get this stupid song in your head and it keeps buzzing around and it drives you mad. All it is is the black line and choking on water. But there are other sports I wouldn't do, like motorcycle racing. Those guys have got a screw loose. Then there's boxing . . .

Fenech: People think you have to turn out bad in boxing. When Ali was at his best, he was the most recognisable person in the world; now people see what's happened to him and think that's what happens to all boxers. But I think Ali was too tough for his own good. Like, he'd sit on the ropes and let blokes like George Foreman punch him in the head — I mean, that's crazy. I think Angelo Dundee shouldn't have let Ali do those things. The people who run boxing should have stopped him. I think he was 38 when he came back to fight Larry Holmes, and that's crazy. There should be rules and regulations that stop that. When your time's up, it's up. It's like how Darren said if something's going wrong with him his coach and his family know all about it without him saying anything. I mean, I know that when it's time for me to retire, Johnny will know before I do. I know he cares about me.

Mercer: I think you need someone like that to help you make decisions, so there's not so much weight on your mind and you can just do what you have to do. You can let other people worry about your training or whatever.

Penthouse: Any general philosophies to add on the subject of fitness and motivation?

Fenech: I think, as we've been saying, it all comes back to the individual —whether or not you want to do it. If you want to take the easy way, you can. I know a lot of footballers who'll turn up to conditioning training on Tuesday with a bruised thigh or whatever, and they don't want to do the running because it hurts; they'll go and get treatment or a rubdown instead. I don't think Wayne would do that. He'd get in there and train anyway. That's what makes the difference.

CARTOONS

A CARTOON FEATURE BY

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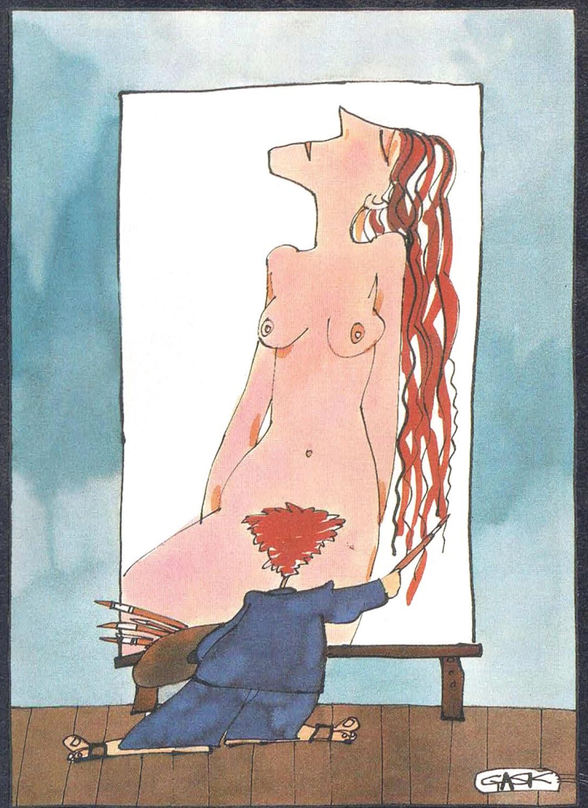
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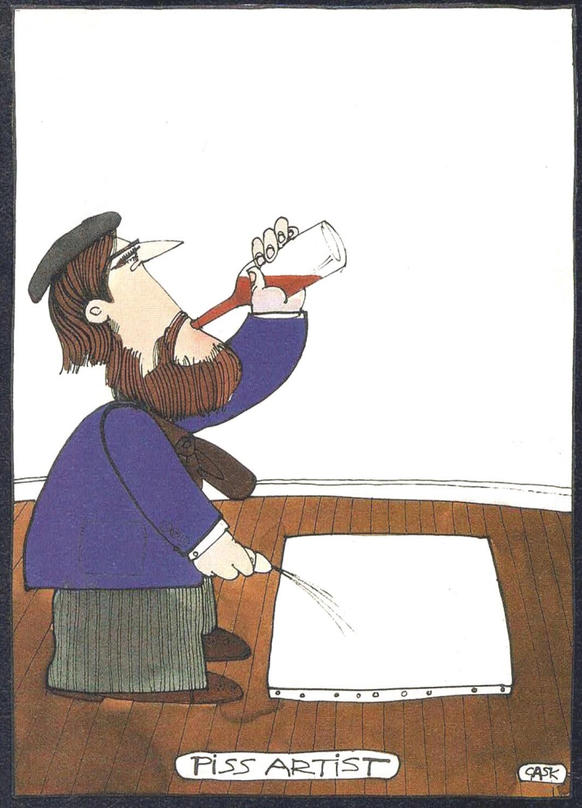
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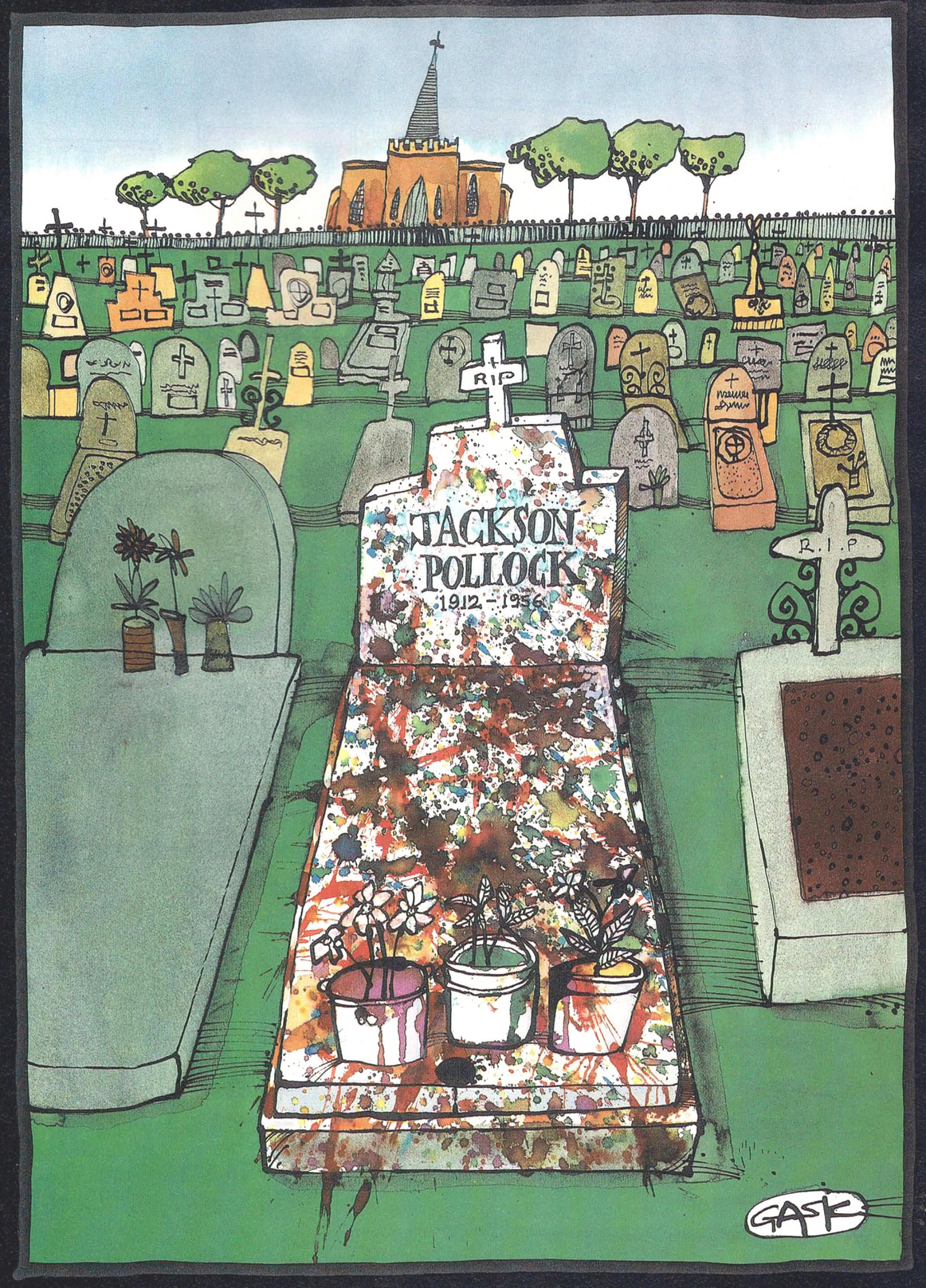
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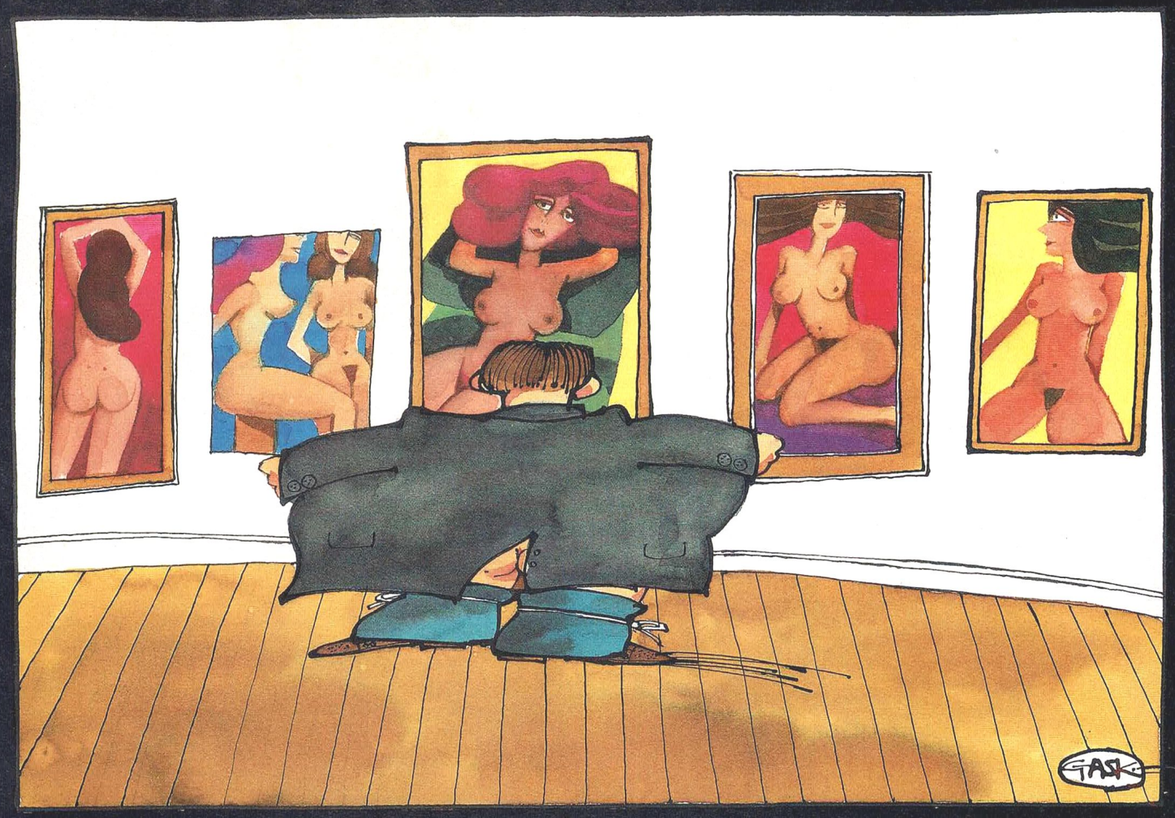
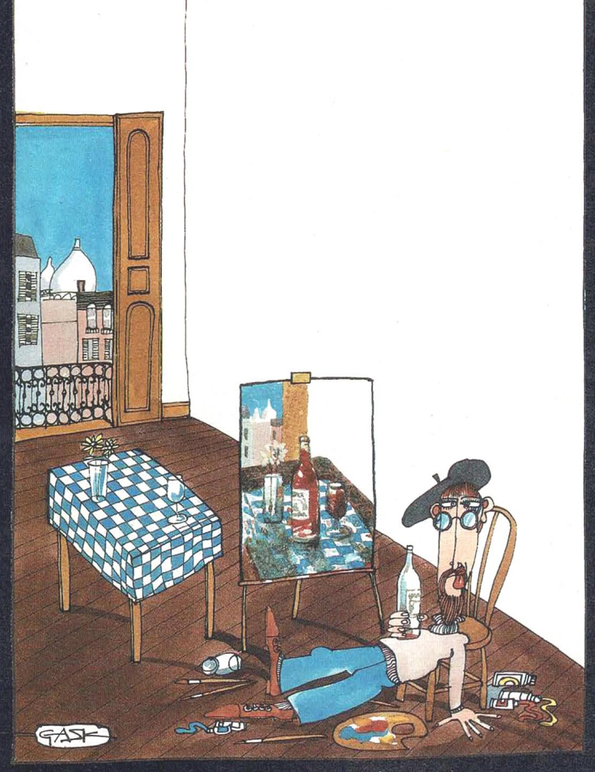
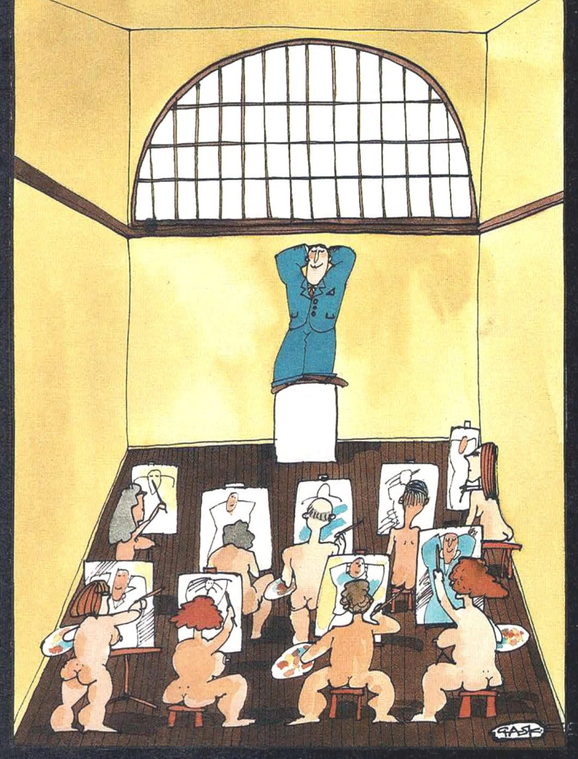




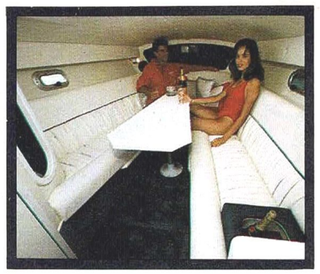


I don't know much about art dear but I know what I like!

LOOSE ENDS

MOTHER'S RUIN

Launched in Australia late last year and rapidly becoming the tipple of choice among gin connoisseurs is Bombay London Dry Gin. This internationally renowned gin is markedly softer and fuller in flavor than any other dry gin due to the complexity of herbs and spices that go into its 228-year-old recipe. Most gins are flavored with four or less botanicals: juniper berries, coriander seed, angelica root and lemon peel. Bombay London Dry has eight — the four mentioned plus orris, cassia bark, liquorice and almonds. Available at most liquor outlets now.



LIFE IN THE FASTLANE

Experiencing the power and luxury of the sleek new Fastlane 32 has been likened to jetskiing in a penthouse suite. Twin Magnum Mercruiser engines propel this prestige marine machine to 100km/h and comprehensive state of the art controls place rapid and precise manoeuvrability at the captain's fingertips. Laze on the sun-deck or stretch out below decks in a magnificent suite featuring color TV, surround-sound AM/FM stereo, microwave, fridge, electric toilet, shower and of course an opulent lounge that converts to a spacious double berth. Priced at $135,000, the 32 is the latest luxury speedster from Fastlane Marine Australia. For more information phone (075) 39 5977.

WATCH OUT

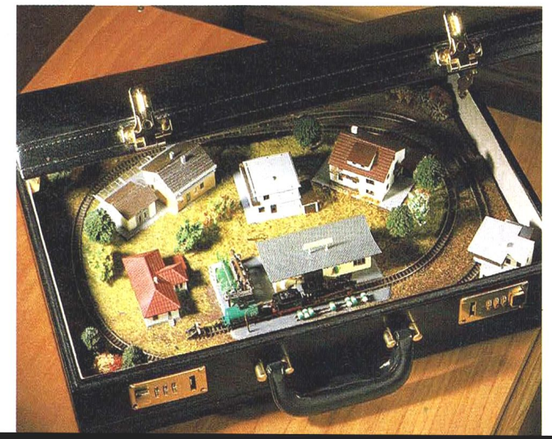
From the current in-store range of Swatch watches comes the Buenos Aires line — two understated styles said to be inspired by the Argentine polo class. Featuring grained leather bands and brushed metal dial surrounds, Buenos Aires styles sell for $80.

COLORFUL COMPUTING

My PC, the latest bright innovation from Imagineering, is a designer-colored personal computer that proved a runaway success with the Yuppie market when test marketed in NSW late last year. Now available throughout Australia, My PC is IBM compatible and features 512K RAM, dual floppy drives, MS-DOS, color monitor, color graphics adaptor plus free copies of Logotron, a top-selling business package which includes an integrated spreadsheet, database and word processor. Well priced at $1699, My PC is currently available in steel blue and electric green.

MAKING TRACKS

The last word in executive toys may be this Marklin Z-gauge model railroad assembled in a briefcase. With a scale of 1:220 and a track of only 6.5mm (¼″), the Z-gauge is an exquisitely detailed miniature of the real thing — and a train set designed especially for adults. Shown here in a briefcase to demonstrate its size, the Marklin system may be as compact or as elaborate as your pocket and imagination allow. Z-gauge is available with American or European locomotives — steam, diesel or electric. Limited release Orient Express models are also availabe. Supplied to *Penthouse* by Collectors' Paradise, 233 Military Rd, Cremorne NSW. Ph: (02) 909-1788.



LOOSE ENDS

DRAMBUIE TIME

Feel like something enticing and exciting? The "Prince of Liqueurs", Drambuie, makes an excellent base for a host of drinks and cocktails. Maybe it's time to try one of these eight tempting Drambuie cocktails:

DAIQUIRI: Half fill a cocktail shaker with ice, 1¼ oz lime juice, dashes of sugar syrup and egg white. Shake hard or blend. Strain into a cocktail glass with a cherry on the rim.

RUSTY NAIL: Equal parts Drambuie and Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. Pour into an old-fashioned glass over ice. Serve with a twist.

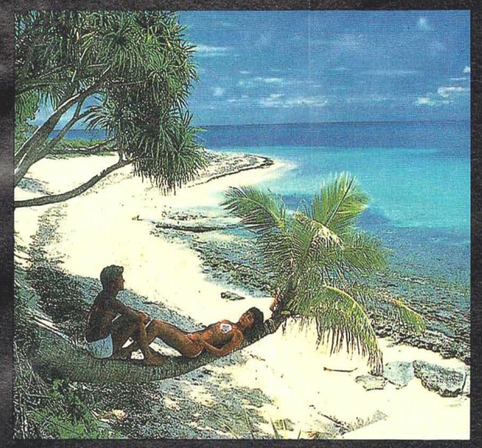
SHRUB: In a goblet, mix two tbsp Drambuie and a half cup of chilled orange juice; top with a scoop of lemon water ice, garnish with mint sprigs and serve at once with straws and a small spoon.

NORTH POLE COCKTAIL: 2 parts Drambuie; 1 part Campari; 3 parts Cossack Vodka; 3 cubes cracked ice; slice of orange. Put the ice in a tumbler, add Drambuie, Campari and Cossack Vodka. Stir and garnish with a slice of orange.

DRAMBUIE AU LAIT: Measure of Drambuie; fresh milk; ⅓ tumbler crushed ice; tsp sugar, grated nutmeg. Put the ice in a cocktail shaker, add sugar and Drambuie, top up with fresh milk and shake vigorously. Pour contents into a tumbler and serve with a little grated nutmeg on top. A hot punch can be made by using hot milk and no ice.

ROYAL SCOT: 1 part Drambuie; 3 cracked ice cubes; 2 parts Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky; 1 part Green Chartreuse; 1 green cocktail cherry to decorate. Shake to mix, strain into a cocktail glass and add the cherry.

DRAMBUIE SOUR: Shake together a measure of Drambuie, two tablespoons of fresh lemon juice, 1 tsp of egg white and a good handful of crushed ice. Strain into a tumbler, with ice cubes and top with soda. To be really daring, drink it straight up or on the rocks. Why not be adventurous? Try adding a little Drambuie and some dried fruit to a stuffing for turkey, chicken or duck. Or, simply pour Drambuie over ice-cream for a very adult dessert.



AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

Winners are grinners. The smile will be broadest on the face of Evelyn Schultz, from the Sydney suburb of Annandale. Evelyn was first out of the barrel from January's Win A Funship Cruise For Two Competition. She's in for the cruise of a lifetime aboard *Fairstar* the Funship. Meanwhile in Newcastle, John Suligoi is chuckling. His vote in the 1989 Pet Of The Year Poll was enough to win him the excellent Sanyo CP M1000 Compact Disc player featured in last December's *Penthouse*.

CRISP KRIZIA

The latest addition to the crisp and stylish Krizia Uomo range of men's toiletries is 100ml Deodorant Parfume Vapo Naturel. An effective deodorant that's cool on the skin, non-irritating and long lasting, the deodorant is scented with the subtle Krizia Uomo blend of Sicilian bergamot and manderin, moss, patchouli, labdanum, clove, sandalwood, vanilla, musk and civet. $27.50 at all leading department stores.

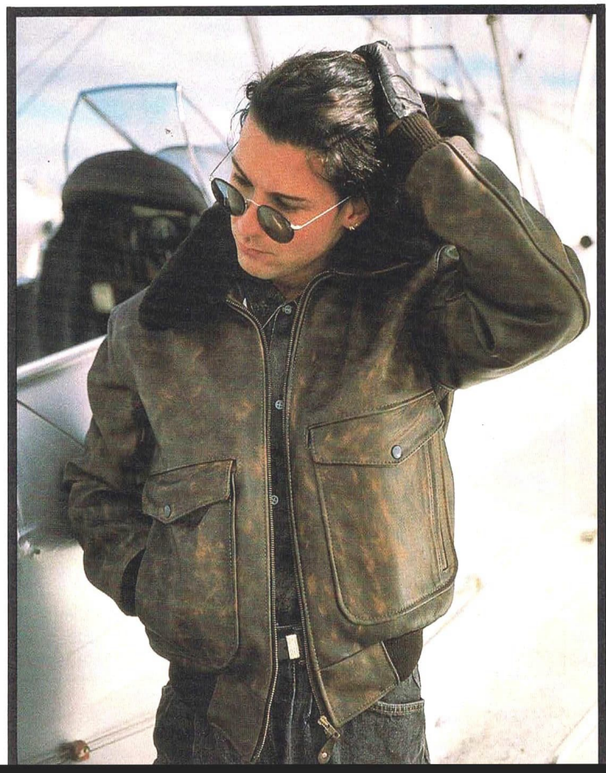
COCKTAILS OF THE SEASON

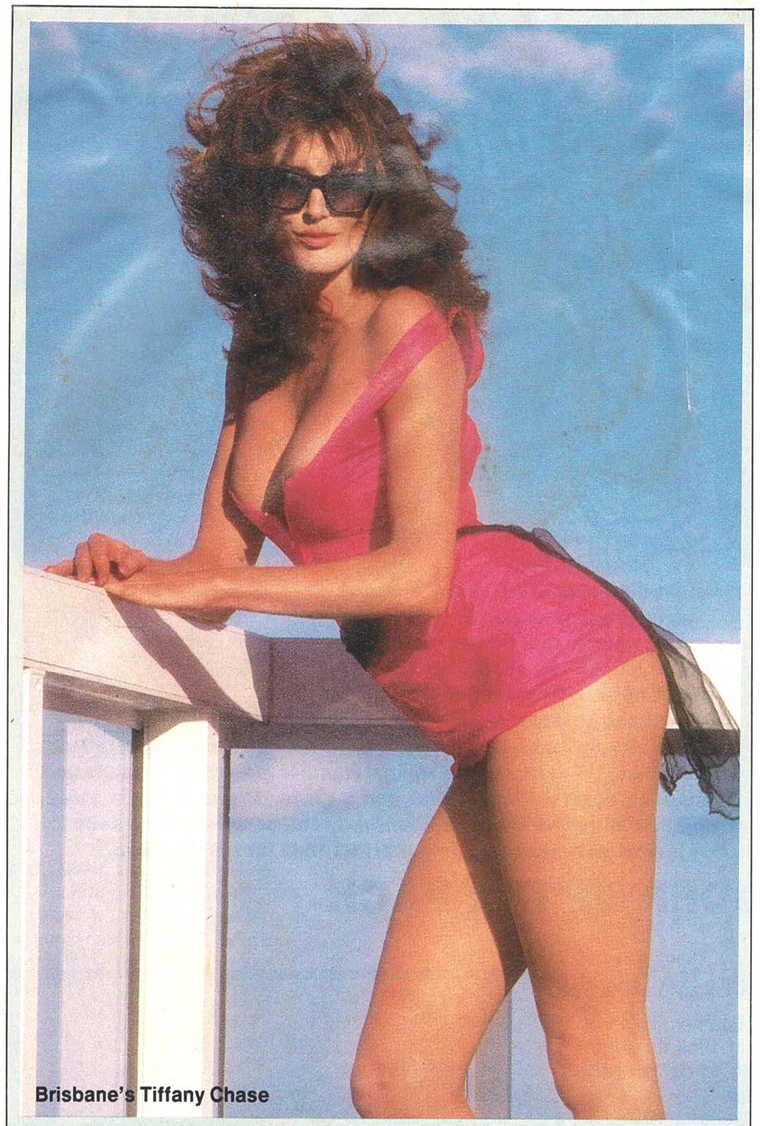
Mountain bike manufacturers have been struggling to develop a suspension system that doesn't add much weight, doesn't waste energy and doesn't cost a mint. Inventor Brent Trimble has accomplished these goals by removing rather than adding parts of the bicycle frame. Hence the unique look of the Trimble X Frame, now being imported into Australia. It's had a huge impact on the booming US market. The radical frame is molded as a single unit from aerospace composite materials such as carbon fibre, Kevlar and S-glass. There are no welded, brazed or glued joints, enhancing strength, while road shock is absorbed. The complete bike sells for around $4700, but they say the ride is worth every penny. Ring (02) 283 1362 for the lowdown.

LEADER OF THE PACK

SAY IT WITH LEATHER

Walden Miller Leather kicked off in Adelaide in 1969 as a one-man band. The outfit must be doing something right — they're now firmly entrenched as Australia's biggest manufacturer of motorcycle garments. And if the success of their forays into the European market is any indication, they're still on the way up. Calling it purely motorcycle gear isn't meant to sell it short — this is high fashion in everything but name, yet it still cuts the mustard astride a throbbing beast. The range covers touring leathers, competition suits, ladies leathers, jackets, gloves, wet weather gear and a special export range. Found at leading outlets.





Brisbane's Tiffany Chase

A QUICK PEEK AT JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Pop Porn — Sex and rock music are familiar bedfellows. But the full scale marketing of modern music with electronic erotica is a relatively recent phenomena. July *Penthouse* confirms that video has killed the radio star and illuminates the porning of pop.

The Body Electric— Hollywood has been flirting with Arnold Schwarzenegger since the early Seventies, but until 1984 he was restricted to roles like Conan The Barbarian, which traded on his spectacular dimensions. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* reveals how big Arnie has burst out of his iron jock strap. Don't miss this profile of the man whose body is his business.

Supercar — A new breed of frighteningly expensive high performance 300km/h-plus sports cars is hitting the roads of Europe and the US. The traditional names associated with extravagance and hedonism are evident: Ferrari, Porsche, Jaguar — along with new supercar players such as Cizeta and even Honda. Bring your money with you.

Pet Of The Month — Some men readily confess that the thrill for them is in the chase. There's a theory circulating that more will come clean with the appearance of Tiffany Chase, from Brisbane. Tiffany says posing nude is the most exciting thing she's ever done, and that sentiment rubs off between these covers. Next month.

MARINA

Continued from page 114

behind her. He looked back. The barge had gone, vanished into the night.

On and on they ran, twisting through alleyways, along canals, until they came to the dark tunnel they had entered before. They ran through it, and out again into the Venice of light and laughter.

Now they ran side by side, hand in hand, through the crowds, faster and faster, across bridges, beneath arches, past churches, palaces, hovels, across piazzas, knocking aside revellers, leaving enraged screams and shouts in their wake. They ran along Merceria, and on to the Ponte di Guerra, and there they stopped. She fell into his arms, looking up into his face, their breath heaving, her eyes on his through the mask. He reached across and lifted it off, gently.

"I love you Marina. Does that mean nothing to you?"

"It means that we are together now. Tomorrow, I don't know the answer."

He leaned down and kissed her. The moon slid out from behind a cloud, and they were illuminated. She broke from his lips and looked up at the moon. He felt her turn cold in his arms. She pushed him away, and in one movement slid out of her costume. She stood before him, naked, glowing in the moonlight. She reached out and brushed his face with her hand.

"*Arrivederci*, Arlecchino."

She turned and dived neatly from the bridge into the canal. He stared over the bridge, only to see her disappear into the oily black waters of the canal, hardly raising a ripple. He stood, peering at the blackness. A long fish tail broke the water, glinting silver in the moonlight, throwing its reflections on the still surface. He stood and stared down long after the water of the canal had closed over it.

Now he leaned over the railing on the afterdeck of the Spalato Ferry moored at San Basilio, peering down at the dockside. An old woman in black wheeled a baby carriage past. A sailor strode by with his duffle bag slung over his shoulder. Two lovers sauntered by arm in arm. Across the canal, he saw the domes and campaniles of the city, hazy in the falling light. The ferry edged slowly into the lagoon. Swiftly and suddenly, a fog rolled in from the Adriatic, great rolling swathes of it. Venice disappeared entirely, swallowed up by the fog. Nothing was visible through the mauve light of the night save the white of the wake. He heard the deep rumbling of a foghorn, felt it in his belly, then the fainter sound of a distant one replying from the lagoon, and the muffled tolling of the bellbuoys rolling slowly in the invisible sea.

If you don't think they cost enough to be this good, we'll happily put the price up.

More nonsense is talked about hi-fi speakers than any other subject except politics. The simple fact is speakers don't have to be very expensive to be good.

The key to creating first class hi-fi speakers is intelligent and thoughtful design. And a superb ear for what faithfully reproduces music. Traditionally the Scandinavians have excelled in these rare skills.

Now from Denmark comes a new brand of High Fidelity speaker of exceptional quality. Called Prodex, they have been created by a talented team of designers, who after years of producing for other people have now launched their own range.

There's a choice of four systems from a compact and versatile 70 watt unit upto an imposing 200 watt speaker that will satisfy the demands of the most fastidious enthusiast.

With woodgrain finish and pleasing to the eye attention to detail, Prodex Speakers represent the best in Scandinavian design. Guaranteed for a full five years, they're supplied complete with speaker cables.

So what do they cost? From just $299 per pair to $799. But if that seems somewhat modest for their quality, we'll happily raise the prices.

danish hi-fi

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